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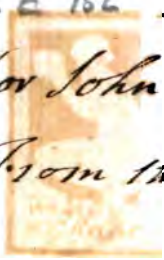

For John Keats Esqr
From the Author.

The first collected edition,
perfect, in contemporary calf.
Presentation copy from the
author, with inscription as
above in each volume.

John Drinkwater
1924

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GEORGE KEATE ESQ.R

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE KEATE, Esq.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

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TO

Dr. HEBERDEN.

My Dear Sir,

IN dedicating this Collection of my *Poetical Works* to You, the World will imagine that I am of the ſame opinion as your Patients, and think with them, that I ſhall live the longer by having You ſo near me.

Indeed had either my Talents, or

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the natural bent of my Purſuits ever qualified me for Productions of deeper Science, I know of no Name under whoſe Patronage they could with more propriety have ſheltered themſelves; as it falls to the Lot of few Men to embrace ſo wide a Field of Learning as You have done, and to fewer, to accompany ſuch ſuperior Knowledge, with that LIBERALITY, CANDOUR, and univerſal BENEVOLENCE, which have rendered your Character ſo truly reſpectable.

My view in preſenting You theſe Poems, is merely to pay an affectionate Homage to that Intimacy, from which I have

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I have for very many years derived ſo much Pleaſure and Advantage.—— And I flatter myſelf that they may appear to be the leſs unworthy your Acceptance from the conſideration that my Pen hath never been engaged either in PARTY, or PERSONALITY, nor hath written a line that I was conſcious could give offence.——Its ſole object hath been, either to ſpread to the Imagination, the beauties of Nature, or of Art; or to bring forth in an amiable point of view, thoſe Excellencies which I have found in private Characters, with whom it has been my happineſs in life to have been connected; ——Ever aiming in all my Compoſitions

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poſitions to deduce from them ſuch moral Sentiments as might naturally ariſe out of the ſubject before me.—Eight of the longer Poems in this Collection have appeared many years ſince, at different periods, and have been very favourably received by the Public.——To the candour of the ſame Public I ſubmit theſe Volumes.

Ignorant as I now am of their future Fate, I feel no common degree of Pleaſure in reflecting, that wherever they hereafter may ſpread, my Name will receive Reputation from Yours.—And in whatever light I may in future Times be conſidered as a POET, it will ever

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ever ſtamp a Credit on me as a MAN to have been ſo long honoured with the Friendſhip of Dr. HEBERDEN,

I am, with the ſincereſt regard,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate

And obliged ſervant,

London,
May 1781.

GEO. KEATE.

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THE

FAMILY MEETING;

A TALE.

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THE FAMILY MEETING;

A TALE.

IT happen'd once, but when, or where,
It matters not a ſingle hair,
The father of a numerous race
Diſpers'd in many a diſtant place,
Unwilling that they more ſhould roam,
Felt a deſire to call them home:
Their ſituations were precarious,
Their notions, and purſuits too, various;
But this you'll ſee with half an eye,
If I deſcribe the family;

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The matter eaſily is done,
So take the children, ſon by ſon.——

It chanc'd to be the ELDEST's * doom
Early to fix himſelf at ROME,
Eager thoſe boaſted arts t'explore
Which flouriſh'd there in days of yore.——
The SECOND †, an adventurous youth,
Fond of ſimplicity and truth,
Made wild HELVETIA's ſcenes his choice,
Allur'd by Liberty's ſweet voice.——
The THIRD ‡, renouncing pleaſure's calls,
In our fam'd TOWER's ill-fated walls

* The Poem of ANCIENT AND MODERN ROME.

† The HELVETIAD.

‡ Epiſtle from Lady JANE GRAY to Lord GUILFORD DUDLEY.

Indulg'd

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Indulg'd his ſolitary way,
And wept thy worth, excelling GRAY,
Lov'd fair-one! with each virtue born,
That could the human mind adorn!——
ONE *, ſtruck with nature's true ſublime,
Reſolv'd the rugged ALPS to climb,
And there enraptur'd took his poſt
'Midſt regions of eternal froſt.——
A FIFTH †, recluſe, and deep in thought,
The convent's lonely ruins ſought;
Pleas'd with its gloom, he paſs'd his hours
In NETLEY's antiquated tow'rs.——
The SIXTH ‡, more active, and more prudent,
Became a pert young TEMPLE STUDENT,

* The ALPS, a Poem.

† NETLEY ABBEY, an Elegy.

‡ The TEMPLE STUDENT, an Epiſtle.

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Purſu'd the law, reſolv'd to try it,
But never got one guinea by it.——
The NEXT * reſign'd his youthful heart
A vot'ry to poetic art;
No ſerious toils could him engage,
He woo'd the muſes, lov'd the ſtage,
And, warm'd by his theatric turn,
Hung a fond wreath on CIBBER's urn.——
The EIGHTH †, with equal ardour fir'd,
The drama's perfect laws admir'd,
And ſought them in thoſe ſhades rever'd
Which the *Great Bard* of FERNEY rear'd;
There he ambitious wiſh'd to raiſe
A trophy to that poet's praiſe,
Whoſe genius and example taugh t
The heights to which they might be brought.——

* A Poem to the memory of Mrs. CIBBER.

† FERNEY, an Epiſtle to Monſ. de VOLTAIRE.

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The LAST * that rov'd, was FANCY's child,
With each romantic notion wild;
In ſearch of happineſs he flies,
Seeks it beneath ARCADIAN ſkies,
But finds his viſionary ſcheme
Was but a MONUMENTAL dream.——

The father, as I ſaid before,
Turning full oft' theſe matters o'er,
Reſolv'd a ſpacious houſe to build,
And have it with his children fill'd,
That they, like birds of the ſame feather,
Might all return, and dwell together.
The ſize was fix'd, the plan was laid,
And DODSLEY ſuperviſor made;
For DODSLEY long was us'd to be
Fac totum in the family:

* THE MONUMENT IN ARCADIA, a Dramatic Poem.

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Knew each child's merits to a tittle,
Had nurs'd them all when they were little,
Had brought them forward one by one,
Nay taught them too alone to run:
His heart accuſtom'd long to feel
Their int'reſts with the warmeſt zeal,
He like a ſteady faithful ſervant,
Was in this bus'neſs mighty fervent.
" What joy," he cries, " from all diſaſters
" To ſee ſafe home my dear young maſters!—
" I call them young, for twenty years
" When paſt, as yeſterday appears!
" They'll find *me* older grown, no doubt,
" But TULLY'S HEAD will mark me out.—
" Would they were come!—I long to ſee
" *You* circled with your family!
" Then urge their haſte, for in a trice
" Your houſe will be compleat, and nice."——

Th'

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Th' advice was good; the father writes,
And all his family invites,
Each in the kindeſt terms intreating
To come and form a GENERAL MEETING.
" Children," ſays he, " it moves my wonder,
" That you have liv'd ſo long aſunder,
" Diſpers'd in ſuch far diſtant places,
" You ſcarcely know each other's faces!—
" By my own reck'ning it appears
" Some have been abſent twice ten years,
" Which makes me with impatience burn
" To ſee, and welcome your return.
" Then cheerfully obey my call,
" I've room enough to lodge you all;
" And e'en ſhould time more children bring,
" I may hereafter add a wing.
" Here you may live with one another,
" And each protect *a younger brother*,

" Who

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" Who never yet from home have ſtray'd,
" And want your *countenance* and *aid*.
" You've ſeen the world enough, and know it,
" And to the *little folks* muſt ſhow it."—

Swift as the poſt the mandate flew,
And homeward ſoon all parties drew.
The houſe in niceſt order dreſt,
They met—with joy each other preſt,
And talking over their paſt dangers,
Vow'd they no more would live as ſtrangers;
But whatſoever ſhould betide,
Would fall, or proſper—ſide by ſide.—
DODSLEY ſtept in with eager pace,
Preſented them his well-known face,
And ſtill his honeſt zeal expreſſing,
Gave each his welcome, and his bleſſing.

Now

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Now, reader, ſure you cannot fail
To mark the moral to our tale;
A hint from me might give offence
To your diſcernment, and your ſenſe:
But if *this family* ſhould ſhare,
Hap'ly, your patronage and care;
Or of *our houſe* if more you'd ſee,
At TULLY'S HEAD you'll find the *key*.

ANCIENT

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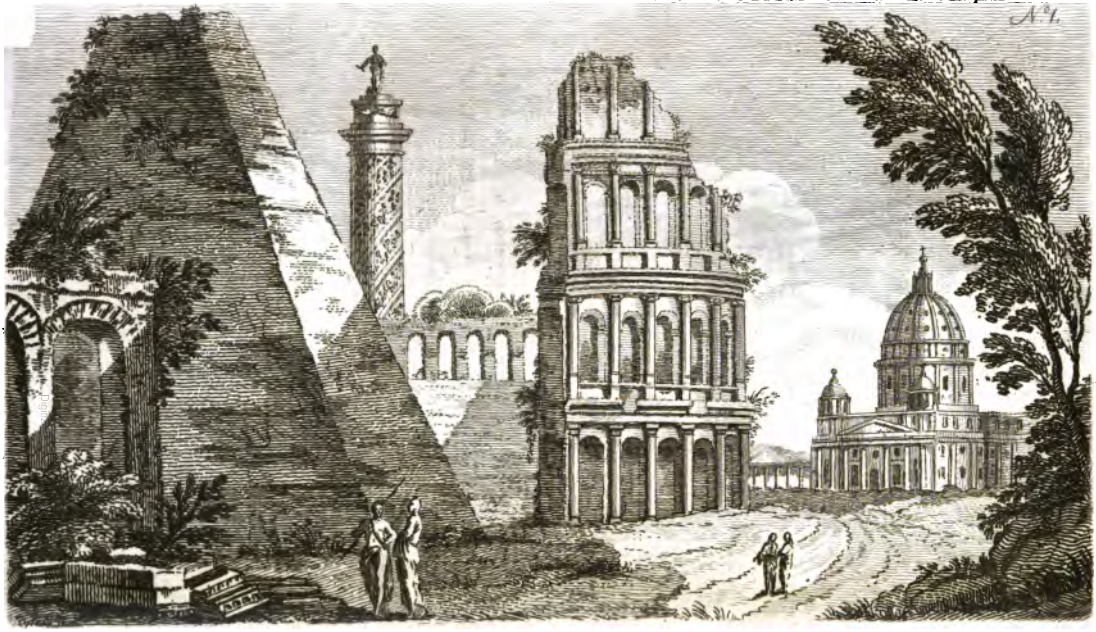
N.1.

ANCIENT AND MODERN

R O M E;

A POEM.

WRITTEN AT ROME IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LV.

Sum ex iis qui mirer Antiquos: Non tamen, ut quidam, temporum noſtrorum ingenia deſpicio. Neque enim quaſi laſſa, et effœta natura, ut nihil jam laudabile pariat.

PLIN. Epiſt. lib. vi. ep. 21.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LX.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN ROME;

A POEM.

OR Muſe, or Dryad, whoſoe'er thou wert,
Who oft in BRITAIN haſt vouchſaf'd to hear
My voice invoking, as ſome artleſs lay
I caroll'd, or light ſong, to greet the ear
Of Friendſhip, hither to this diſtant ſoil
(Soil favour'd of the Nine) repair, and with
Thy ſmiles direct me, ſtudious to deſcribe
In numbers not uncouth, as o'er theſe ſcenes
Penſive I wander, what of ancient arts,
And monumental grandeur, ſtill remains,

Midſt

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Midſt the proud ruins of immortal Rome.—
Immortal did I ſay?—yes, once ſo deem'd,
When like a goddeſs on the rapid blaſt
High mounted, to the kings of climes remote
She ſent her laws, and ſaw the world obey.—
But Time, capricious parent, gives to all
Their morning, and their eve; and having ſhewn
Mankind ſome proſper'd child, mark'd it for fame,
And rais'd it to its noon-tide hour, delights
To pluck its honours off, and ſink it down
To teach an awful moral in the duſt!

And ſuch thy doom, theſe ſtately ruins tell;
Theſe ſtately ruins, that from various ſhores
Attract the traveller, whoſe boſom burns
With ſtrong impatience, by the claſſic page
Excited (faithful regiſter of worth)
To viſit thee, thou once great ſeat of arms,

Thou

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Thou nurſe of heroes; with reſpectful eye,
To gaze upon thy temples, o'er thy heaps
Pauſe rev'rent, and amid this waſteful maſs,
Trace out thy former glory.—Well indeed,
Poor mournful reliques, conſcious of your ſhame,
And mindful what ye were, well do ye ſtrive
To hide yourſelves beneath the ſhelt'ring leaves,
Or the kind umbrage of the neighbouring moſs.

But whilſt I tread the ſilent ſtreets of ROME,
Where cowls ſupply the helmet's blaze, where now
Creeps o'er the ſhaken battlement the vine;
Let me a moment recollect the years
When Fortune led her onward, and ſucceſs
Outran her hopes; admire her dawn of life,
Her ſcanty family, midſt lonely ſheds;
Simple, laborious, of her future pride
Planning the baſis: Mark each vary'd ſtep,

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Her change of government, her laws, her ſtrength,
Her politics, her wiſdom: to the field
Accompany her march, and ſee her crown'd
With triumph, and with ſpoil, while the ſubdu'd
With fear mix'd admiration, and rever'd
The hand that conquer'd.—Then in ev'ry breaſt
Breath'd public virtue, and each boſom felt
The glow of liberty—Their youth, inur'd
To exerciſe, and toil, (the ſoldier's ſchool!)
Were taught to ſcorn fatigue, contemn a life
Of indolence and eaſe, and die with joy
To ſerve their country!—Maxims ſuch as theſe,
Sure as the herald's trumpet, loud announc'd
The deeds that follow'd:—prompted by this flame,
This patriot ſpirit, lo! a ſacred train
Of Heroes born to ſuch exalted acts
As in theſe diſtant, theſe degen'rate times,
Almoſt o'ertax belief!—Thy name, O Rome,

Re-echo'd

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Re-echo'd thro' the globe, from where the RHINE *,
And ſwelling DANUBE *, urge their foaming courſe
Ev'n to EUPHRATES' borders: AFRIC's ſons
Proclaim it in their deſarts, and the ſtreams
Of TAGUS roll it to th' ATLANTIC deep:
That both at morn, and eve, the ſun beheld
Her banners wave. Nor did ſhe give mankind
Her chains alone; where'er her eagles flew,
They bore the gentler arts of poliſh'd life,
Attendant on her conqueſts!—Thus ſhe ſhone,
And the world hail'd her univerſal Queen!—
O could I here break off, here cloſe the view:
Nor ſee the laurel wreaths, by valour earn'd,
By virtue dignify'd, blaſted and torn
By foul Corruption's hand!—but 'tis with ſtates,

* Theſe Rivers mark nearly the utmoſt extent of the ROMAN conqueſt.

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As men, too often grandeur's treach'rous ſmiles
Warp the well-meaning heart, pollute its ſprings,
And prompt the active mind to drop its taſk.—
When virtue pauſes ſhe recedes!—Thus ROME,
Cloy'd with proſperity, and of her fame
Grown careleſs, in the roſeate bow'r repos'd
Of Luxury: (that falſe one, whoſe ſoft lap
Hath lull'd the mightieſt) drank her baneful cup,
And to her muſic lent a raviſh'd ear:
As fatal, as whate'er by ancient bards
Was told of SIRENS, or of GORGON's head,
That ruin'd with a glance.—What tho' its force
It urges not impetuous, ſlowly ſure,
Like ſubt'leſt poiſon, it pervades each ſenſe,
Each power of action, and corrodes the frame,
Till death atones for folly!—Nor did ROME
Fall unremember'd, ſince her name alone
Inſpir'd ſuch dread, that ev'n her pale remains

By

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By SUPERSTITION dreſt, guarded by prieſts,
Who blending policy with holy faith,
Relying on the croſier, not the ſword,
Roll'd terrors thro' the world; ſtain'd many an age
With guiltleſs blood; and ſtill with weaken'd ſway,
(Now milder) bids theſe hallow'd fabrics riſe,
That yield a ſecond ſubject to my ſong.

What tho' oblivion in her ſable veil
Hath wrap'd thy former ſplendor, yet ev'n now,
Thy mould'ring fragments, ivy-creſted tow'rs,
And arches, tott'ring to their fall, remain,
And in their antiquated liv'ry, ſpeak
Their better fortune.—Pillars, that amidſt
The ſolemn ſcene, by many an inſult ſcarr'd,
Stand up hiſtoric; rifted vaults of fanes,
And palaces, whoſe wide diſparted roofs
Threaten each viſitant: and frequent ſeen

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Some ſhatter'd urn that hath betray'd its charge,
To mix with vulgar duſt.—Or ſhould the charms
Of SCULPTURE wake attention, here the eye
Finds rapturous delight, whilſt it beholds,
The chiſelled ſtone ſuch mimic life aſſume,
And property of being, that it ſeems
As Art could rival Nature.—Every ſenſe
Submits t' illuſion, while before us ſtands
Gigantic HERCULES *, on his huge club
Reſting his weight enormous: or the limbs
Of matchleſs FLORA, thro' her flowing robe,
Preſs decent on the ſight: ſo charms the ſtep
And graceful carriage of the DELPHIC GOD †:
LAOCOON's anguiſh, and the beauteous form,

* Theſe ſtatues are eſteemed by all as the moſt compleat pieces of ancient ſculpture now at ROME.

† The APOLLO, which ſtands in that part of the VATICAN which is called the BELVIDERE.

Too

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Too beauteous form, of fair ANTINOUS!
Alike demand a ſigh: nor ſhall unmark'd
The GLADIATORS * paſs, with manly force,
Greatly expreſſive; nor the confident brow
Of MELEAGER; nor thy penſive air,
Dejected AGRIPPINA †.—With new joy
The mind reflecting o'er th' enliven'd buſt
Shall pauſe, ſupremely pleas'd, as face to face,
Amidſt the bright aſſembly we appear
Of chiefs and ſages, whoſe heroic deeds
Beyond the ſtorms of fate ſuperior ſhine
On Fame's eternal record.—In their looks
We ſeem to read their ſtory, ev'ry trace
Remark inquiſitive, and oft' return,

* The fighting and dying GLADIATORS, univerſally known by their caſts.

† In the VILLA FARNESE on the PALATINE hill.

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As ſome freſh action of their life revives,
To gaze, contemplate, and admire again.

Oh ever-wond'rous art, that from the ſchools
Of GREECE cam'ſt hither to this favour'd clime,
Yet rarely haſt vouchſaf'd to paſs the cliffs
Of the proud APENNINE, or cheer the cold,
And genius-chilling regions of the NORTH!

The anxious voyager who ſees the port
Whither he's bound, and where before his thoughts
Were long arriv'd, feels riſing in his ſoul
A ſudden tranſport; not unlike, perchance,
Is that ſenſation which the ſtranger's breaſt,
With expectation's fire already warm'd,
Expanding feels, when from ſome neighb'ring height
His greedy eye takes in the nodding piles
Of old magnificence, or darts its beam

O'er

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O'er the wide barren* plain, where tow'rs o'erthrown
Lie broken, and ſepulchral monuments
Skirt all the blue horizon.—Let's away
And wander midſt the dank and ſhadowy gloom
Of antique Baths, or the PANTHEON's round,
Well harmoniz'd, where dignity and grace,
And juſt proportion reign. The CIRQUS too
Invites our ſteps, and the TARPEIAN rock:
How much unlike what good EVANDER ſhew'd
ANCHISES' ſon, as thro' his little ſtate,
On TIBER's banks, the poor but friendly prince,
His heav'n-born gueſt conducted!—mark e'en ſtill,
Spite of the GOTHIC ſpoiler, the proud tops
Of obeliſks, whoſe ſculptur'd ſides confeſs
The myſtic labours of EGYPTIAN hands!

* Now called the CAMPANIA of ROME: 'tis of very large extent, and from lying uncultivated, its air is very fatal to thoſe who ſleep in it during the great heats.

And

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And thoſe tall COLUMNS * that preſerve your names,
Illuſtrious Pair, who to th' exalted ſtate
Of Emp'ror, join'd theſe titles more auguſt,
The wiſe, the good.—But, let us bend our courſe
To where the AMPHITHEATRE's old walls
Mantled in green, with many a winding, turn
In circuit vaſt; while fancy paints to view
All ROME aſſembled on ſome feſtive day,
Rank above rank, with ev'ry face, intent
To ſee the death-doom'd man, and nature yield
To force ſuperior. The purſuit of arms
Had check'd each ſofter impulſe, and forbad
To call compaſſion virtue; nor was known,
As in our times, the Stage's wiſer aim,
To ſteal inſtruction through the poet's ſong,

* The pillars of the Emperors TRAJAN and ANTONINUS PIUS.

To

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To melt the ſtubborn heart, and teach the eye
To ſhed the gen'rous tear for others' woe.

Beneath the ſloping ſide of yonder hill,
Sacred to JOVE, where ſtood the CAPITOL,
Th' unpeopled FORUM ſpreads; but yet a few
Sequeſter'd pillars lift their heads, and point
Some temple's ſite; ſtrew'd round with mingled heaps,
That wear the badge of hoar antiquity.
While in the front appears the ſtory'd arch,
To TITUS rear'd, when ſhouting ROME proclaim'd
His SOLYMEAN conqueſt*: then aroſe

* This arch is at the entrance of the CAMPO VACINO, from the AMPHITHEATRE, and was erected by the ſenate in honour of TITUS, after the conqueſt of the JEWS.

Thy

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Thy fane, O PEACE *, thou heav'n-deſcended queen!
Parent of Arts! under whoſe foſt'ring reign
The Muſes triumph; (ſhame upon the world,
And man's corrupted heart, that thou ſhould'ſt e'er
Deſert our habitations!) nor far off
The PALATINE's ſteep mount, where ancient tale
Feigns the TWIN BROTHERS found, but honour'd [more
By great AUGUSTUS' dwelling: now, alas!
How is its lot revers'd! with mournful pine,
And melancholy cyprus thick o'er-grown!—
Here DESOLATION, mocking the vain farce
Of human labours, and the low conceits
Of human pride, thron'd on a craggy pile,
Smiles pleas'd with her own work; amid the ſpoils
Of Time's fell hand, where nought is ſeen to move,

* The temple of PEACE ſtands near to it, was erected on the ſame occaſion, and is eſteemed to have been one of the fineſt temples in ROME.

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Save the green lizard ſporting in the ſun,
Sole tenant of the ſolitary waſte.

Yet, O ye reliques, injur'd as ye are
By the ſharp canker of conſuming age,
Be ye my altars; on your graſs-grown tops,
Charm'd with reflecting what ye once have been,
I'll ſacrifice my hours; for you forſake
The crouded haunts of men, where much is talk'd,
And little reaſon'd; and with you, indulge
That pleaſing penſiveneſs yourſelves inſpire,
That meditating mood. Nay ev'n when chill'd
Beneath a wintry ſky, her ſoaring wings
Imagination droops, and her damp'd fires
Burn weak and pale, then preſent to my mind
Your well-known forms ſhall riſe, ſpread o'er my thoughts
A tranſient joy, and frequent be my theme.

And

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And do I walk the FORUM?—and is this
The memorable ſpot, on which have trod
So many patriots, who in freedom's cauſe
Unſheath'd the ſword of juſtice?—yes it is;
I know it is.—If in a BRITON'S breaſt,
Tho' midſt the ice of the far northern ſea,
Or realms, where ſlav'ry drags its hopeleſs chain,
Beams the bright flame of liberty, ſay Muſe,
What muſt he feel in ROME?—perhaps I dream,
And 'tis illuſion peoples the lone void
With yonder band of heroes, on whoſe brows
Sits awful majeſty, and round whoſe heads
Twines the victorious laurel. In the van,
(For who can all the viſionary ſhades
Of fleeting fancy count?) methinks, I ſee
The ELDER BRUTUS; venerable man!
Parent, and judge; hard fate! to join two names,
That muſt for ever jar; but yet behold,

To

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To one great cauſe ſtill conſtant, he diſclaims
All partial ties, proud only to be call'd
The FATHER of his COUNTRY.—Cloſe behind,
In ſullen grief, and in his mantle wrap'd,
The ſtern VIRGINIUS paſſes: mark his eyes
Rooted to earth! on whoſe cold boſom ſtretch'd
Like ſome fair flow'ret the rude ſtorm hath crop'd,
A ſlaughter'd virgin lies; from inſult ſav'd,
From loſs of honour, by th' indulgent blow:
Nor, unreveng'd her wounds, ſince in her fall
Was tyranny deſtroy'd.—But what's yon troop,
Ruſhing from out the CAPITOL, whoſe looks
Speak terror to beholders? each array'd
In ſenatorial robes, in every hand
A dagger reeking with the crimſon blood
Of one but young in death?—Yet hold!—I know;
For at their head, intrepidly appears
Another BRUTUS, to th' impatient throng

Exclaiming

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Exclaiming, eager as they preſs around,
" That ROME is free, and CÆSAR but a name!"

Hail LIBERTY, daughter of Heav'n! whoſe ſmiles
Suſtain'd the wand'ring SCYTHIAN, cheer the gloom
Of LAPLAND'S tedious night, and wanting which,
The circling moon ne'er ſees a people bleſt
In all her viſitations!—found no more,
In theſe once favour'd ſeats, where ſhall our ſteps
Purſue thy flight?—To where HELVETIA'S * ſons,
Midſt their cloud-piercing mountains, yet maintain
Their manners uncorrupt? or where the cliffs
Of far-view'd ALBION, thy admir'd retreat
Riſe, 'midſt the world of waters?—There, O maid

* The ancient name of that country, which is now called SWITZERLAND, comprehending the thirteen cantons, and all the free ſtates in alliance with them.

Celeſtial,

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Celeſtial, ever reign; her children teach
To venerate thy name, that the fair band
Of peaceful virtues, which adorn thy train,
May ſtill be theirs; and BRITAIN's fame expand
From pole to pole: while with her freedom charm'd,
Leſs happy nations tow'rds her ſea-girt ſhores
Shall ſighing frequent turn their wiſhful eyes,
Extol her fortune, and lament their own.

But come, my Muſe, thou miſtreſs of my ſong,
Let us to TIVOLI's romantic hill,
In rural beauty rich, where learning's friend
And beſt protector, good MÆCENAS, gave
The recompence to merit * (happieſt taſk
Of thoſe whom plenty crowns!) or to the ſtreets

* There are ſtill at TIVOLI great remains of the villa of MÆCENAS.

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Of deſolate PALESTRINA, throng'd no more
With FORTUNE's votaries *: or the tranquil ſhades
Of cool FRESCATI †, in whoſe lov'd retreat
Once TULLY thought, and reaſon'd: then let's ſeek
The wat'ry beauties of the ALBAN lake
And ANTIUM's pleaſing ſhores,—or if perchance
A ſhorter circuit better ſhould delight,
Stealing along, upon the winding banks
Of yellow TIBER (in whoſe oozy bed
The ſpoils of many a day, of many an Art,
Lie ſepulcher'd:) we'll mount thy ſweet aſcent,

* PALESTRINA is about twenty miles from ROME, and was anciently called PRÆNESTE; it was famous for its magnificent temple, dedicated to FORTUNE, of which there are conſiderable ruins.

† FRESCATI is the ancient TUSCULUM, and is diſtant from ROME twelve miles: they ſtill ſhow ſome remains of CICERO's houſe; and it is ſuppoſed it was here that he compoſed his *Tuſculan Diſputations*.

MADAMA,

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MADAMA*; and beneath th' embow'ring trees,
Or in thy paſt'ral theatre, where firſt
The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD † to the echoing woods
Sigh'd out his am'rous tale, ſecurely ſhun
The raging heat, or wait the evening ſky,
Ting'd with unnumber'd rays; and from thy height,
Repoſing on ſome bank, by Nature's hand
Richly adorn'd, contemplate all below.—
There let us ruminate on old renown,

* The VILLA MADAMA is juſt without ROME, on the banks of the TIBER, upon a beautiful eminence called MONTE MARIO TRASTEVERE. It was built by JULIO DE MEDICIS, who was afterwards CLEMENT the VII. and commands a moſt extenſive view over ROME, and the whole CAMPANIA.

† There are in this garden the remains of a rural theatre, in which the PASTOR FIDO was repreſented, for the firſt time, before Cardinal BORGHESE, afterwards PAUL the V.

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And the long ſtory'd page of ages paſt.
Reflection hath its joy, a penſive calm
That ſhrouds the ſoul, and bears it on the wings
Of vagrant thought to Mem'ry's wide domain!—
Now, now indulge it, while we ſit and mark
The mad career of Fortune, and behold
Imperial ROME 'midſt all her triumphs fall'n!—
So cloſes ev'ry ſcene; and thus decay
The works of men: allow'd a little ſpace
To ſhine, attract,—then fade and be forgot!
For ah! the paths that lead to pow'r and fame,
And thoſe which feel the peaſant's ſilent ſtep,
End in one point: obſerve Ambition's flight,
And laugh at all the wild fantaſtic dreams
Of human folly.—Seeking thy embrace,
O VIRTUE, let us court thee as our good;
Our only treaſure, and our only hope;
Our ſhield to guard us 'gainſt a faithleſs world,

And

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And all its venom'd ſhafts: for thou unhurt,
Sprung from immortal TRUTH, ſerenely bright,
Suſtain'ſt the gen'ral wreck; and like the Sun
Shalt ſtill appear with undiminiſh'd light,
When all the boaſted monuments of pride
Shall ſink, and mingle with the duſt they hid!

Weep'ſt thou, my Muſe, this changeful ſtate of things?
Nay ſure they aſk a ſigh!—yet rather mourn,
That man unthriftily rejects the gifts
Which nature made him heir to. Heav'n points out
A flow'ry way to all, nor bids its ſons
Tread the hard flint, or ſhun the joys of life.—
Then wherefore, 'midſt yon venerable piles
Of pompous ruin, ſplendid fabrics riſe,
And ſwelling domes?—Why do I hear the voice
Of SUPERSTITION, bid her altars blaze?

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And ſee her beckon to the cloyſter'd cell
The blooming maid?—Alike the pride of youth,
The bluſh of beauty yield; their bloſſoms crop'd
Ere we can ſay they flouriſh'd!—hark! the gates
Grate on their hinges to receive their gueſts,
And hide them from mankind! like gems conceal'd
In the dark womb of earth, whoſe radiance ne'er
Shall woo th' admiring eye!—Still as their hours,
Their uſeleſs hours, creep on, to waſte their ſtrength
In painful pennance, at the tinſell'd ſhrine
Count o'er their beads, and by the midnight lamp
Mutter cold pray'rs, ſent from the practis'd lips
More frequent than the heart which rapture fires—
O blind, to think their ſafety lies in flight!
Or that the ſteady foot of Virtue fears
To tread the haunts of men! there moſt ſhe ſhines,
And conquers by example, ſtronger far
Than preaching volumes, or recording braſs.

Arm'd

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Arm'd of herſelf ſhe braves each hoſtile dart,
And only aſks protection from the ſkies.

Haſte from thy cell, O Memory, and hide
With blackeſt ſhades the day when firſt were rear'd
Th' unſocial Convent's walls. Shock'd at the act,
Man's guardian-angel fled, and left thoſe breaſts
Which friendſhip might have warm'd, and great purſuits
Guided thro' honour to the public good,
A prey to folly, and that partial love,
Which centers in itſelf.—Then broke the chain
That beſt cements in bonds of amity
Earth's num'rous family; then ſunk the names,
For ever ſacred, and for ever dear,
Of parent,—child,—poſterity: thoſe ties,
Which to our joys add joy; and pluck the thorns
From half the ills that croſs the ways of life!

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Still I recall the day, freſh on her cheek
The purple bloom of youth, when LAURA bade
The world adieu*, reſign'd its flatt'ring pomps,
And took the holy veil. I view her ſtill
Beſide the altar, like a victim deck'd
Magnificent; fair as the pearly dew
Which on the roſe-bud lies, or hangs within
The lilly's cup, what time HYPERION mounts
The eaſtern hills. Before the mitred prieſt
She kneels ſubmiſſive; on the ſacred floor
Caſting thoſe eyes, whoſe fires were ſure deſign'd
To light the torch of VENUS, and provoke
To am'rous parley; other office now
Deſtin'd to ſerve!—Who can unmov'd behold
Such ſacrifice!—Yet 'tis her choice, and lo!
She ſings conſenting!—lo, the prelate cuts

* In the following lines is deſcribed the ceremony of giving the firſt veil, on the admiſſion of a nun.

Her

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Her graceful hair! and ſtrips it of the gems
That ſparkled 'midſt her treſſes; then conducts
The willing fair-one to the convent's gate,
Where ſhe, in one laſt, one eternal kiſs,
Diſſolves all ſocial bonds. The Abbeſs there
Receives her, and inveſts her beauteous limbs
(Unfriendly change!) in coarſe monaſtic weeds,
Whilſt all the virgin choir in hymns announce,
"Thee, LAURA, thee, become the Spouſe of
"CHRIST."

Self baniſh'd, ſelf condemn'd, now to thy cell,
Too rigid maid, retire, and deck it round
With bones, and ſkulls, torn from the ravag'd grave,
To point a gloomy moral. Peace be thine,
And calm content! nor ever may thine eyes,
Like wand'ring exiles, caſt a longing look
Back to their native, their abandon'd home!

Ne'er

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Ne'er may wild Fancy paint in loveliest forms
Thoſe joys thy zeal renounces, nor excite
The fruitleſs tear for liberty reſign'd!

Yet hence, the arts, in ev'ry age, have found
A ſure protectreſs; by RELIGION call'd
To raiſe her temples, decorate their walls,
And with unweary'd toil her ſainted ſhrines
Illumine.—Hence, the pencil'd canvas glows
With living forms, whoſe viſionary charms
Hold converſe with the eye: the altar hence
Declares the ſculptor's ſkill, as from the hard
And rugged rock, his wonder-working hand
Brings forth the imag'd martyr. Hence behold,
In one vaſt * Pile conjoin'd, proportion, grace,
Strength, elegance, and grandeur; union, form'd
To challenge admiration, and inſure

* ST. PETER'S.

Praiſe

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Praiſe univerſal; coming neareſt that,
Which man muſt deem perfection.—Muſic too,
From voice melodious, and the vary'd ſtring,
Sends forth the ſoul of harmony, like ſpells
Spreading enchantment round, 'till vaulted choirs
Ring with th' ETERNAL's praiſe, and men attempt
What happier Seraphs hymn.—Thrice bleſt the age
Which virtuous arts adorn! by them the heart
Grows more refin'd, by them the breaſt is warm'd
To nobler deeds, the laws of civil life
More taught, more ſtudy'd: brutal valour turns
To reaſon'd courage, and the mind awakes
To ſcenes unknown before; as the calm lake
Shews its emboſom'd landſcape, which lay hid
While the rough tempeſt ſwept it.—Wherefore elſe
Stand EUROPE's ſons the foremoſt in renown?
Or why doth INDIA, midſt her ſplendid mines,
Shine undefir'd?—ſuch were the happy times,
When

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When PLATO trod the ACADEMIC grove,
And ſpoke of wiſdom: ſuch, when ROME beheld
AUGUSTUS thron'd; ſuch too, in later years,
When LEO rul'd, and the thrice gen'rous hand
Of MEDICIS, his hoſpitable gates
Wide open'd, courting all, whom genius, worth,
Or learning dignify'd, to come, and rear
A TUSCAN ATHENS.—Hail, illuſtrious Name!
Thee ſhall the Muſes ſing in every clime
Where ſcience proſpers; Thee, whoſe friendly arm
Rais'd the neglected mourner, bade her ſmiles
Spread their mild influence o'er a poliſh'd ſtate,
'Till thine own ARNO flow'd a rival ſtream
With fam'd ILISSUS.—Caſting off the veil
That had ſo long diſgrac'd her, SCULPTURE then,
Lur'd by the voice of her lov'd ANGELO *,

* MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI, a FLORENTINE, one of the moſt celebrated artiſts in ſculpture and painting, but particularly in the former.

Roſe

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Roſe from her GOTHIC trance, proud to aſſume
Once more her ATTIC dreſs: and with her came
Her fair companion PAINTING; to the world
Firſt ſhewn by CIMABUE*, an infant then,
Rude, and unform'd; but by the ſkilful care
Of GIOTTO nurs'd, her beauty and her years
Advanc'd together, till ſhe ſhone complete
In ev'ry virgin charm; ſweet as the nymphs,
Who, when AURORA opes the gates of day,
Sport at her ſide, and to the jocund notes
Of lute and harp, around the Morning Star
Dance feſtive—Ever ſacred be the ſoil
That gave her birth! Happieſt ITALIA, thine
Hath Heaven mark'd fortunate; by nature deck'd

* Painting was firſt revived at FLORENCE, by CIMABUE, towards the end of the thirteenth century. He was ſoon after followed by GIOTTO; and there are remains of both their works in the churches at FLORENCE.

E'en

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E'en to profuſion. Here the Artiſt oft,
Or ſolitary Bard, deep-muſing roams,
Eyes thy gay ſcenes, inhales the Southern breeze,
And catches inſpiration.—Dwelling meet
For Fancy!—Here, the pleaſing maid diſplay'd
Her varying talents, fix'd her ſchools, and taught
Her myſteries; ſelecting from the band
That woo'd her favour, an appointed Few,
The heralds of her art, to raiſe at once
Hers, and their own renown.—"My ſons," ſhe cry'd,
"(For dear as ſons ye are) take from my hand
"Theſe pencils, by myſelf prepar'd; whoſe pow'rs
"Shall win ye admiration, laſting praiſe.
"For to FAME's temple there are many paths,
"Nor for the hero, nor the ſage alone
"Wreathes ſhe her laurels; all by honeſt means
"Who ſeek them, wear them. — Thou, my
"RAPHAEL, go
"Proſp'rous,

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" Proſp'rous; and on the VATICAN's proud walls
" Fix an eternal name; an air divine,
" Sublimity of thought, and touch correct,
" Shall mark thy labours; 'till in ONE combin'd
" Thine ev'ry pow'r ſhall ſhine, and Nature's ſelf
" Grow jealous of thy ſkill*. CORREGIO, thou,
" By thine own genius great, ſhalt point new ways,
" Happy in all †.—Thy portion, TITIAN, take
" In harmony of colour. PAOLO, ‡ thine

* The picture alluded to is the TRANSFIGURATION, now in the church of St. PIETRO MONTORIO, at ROME, eſteemed the fineſt picture in the world. RAPHAEL died juſt as he had finiſhed it, and it was carried before his body to the grave.

†. It is true, that ſome of theſe great maſters, after mentioned, poſſeſſed ſeveral of thoſe talents, which are differently attributed; what therefore is aimed at, in this mention of them, is only to point out that excellency, by which each was more particularly characterized.

‡ PAOLO CALIARI, more commonly called PAOLO VERONESE.

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" In grace and ſpirit.—Yours, be judgment deep,
" CARACCI, and invention rare; from whom
" The art ſhall gain new luſtre, and a line
" Of learn'd diſciples ſpring *.—Expreſſion bold,
" And beauty of deſign, ſhall bleſs thy works,
" DOMENICHINO; elegance and eaſe,
" My GUIDO, thine adorn. For grandeur, taſte,
" And compoſition rich, CORTONA, † live
" Unrival'd; while in force, and ſhadow ſtrong,
" And every paſſion of the feeling heart,
" None ſhall excel thee, GUERCIN, laſt, not leaſt."

She ſaid, and each the magic pencil took,
And wrought with ardour; (truth confirming all

* The three CARACCI founded an academy of painting at BOLOGNA, where many great maſters have ſtudied.

† PIETRO BERETTINI, uſually ſtiled PIETRO DA CORTONA.

The

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The maid had prophecy'd) and dying, left
Their monuments behind, in princely halls
Erected, or at altars plac'd; where kneels
The penitent, and as he gazes, feels
Devotion riſe anew.—O could my Verſe
But ſhare the rapture! and embolden'd, paint
In colours meet, theſe Boaſts of modern ROME,
Theſe triumphs of the Palette, and extend
Their praiſes due!—Yet what avails the wiſh?
That which was form'd to captivate the eye,
The ear muſt coldly taſte; Deſcription's weak,
And the Muſe falters in the vain attempt.

And thou, O TIME, whoſe all-deſtroying ſcythe,
Buſy, and fatal, as the ſhaft of death,
No human toil eſcapes; whoſe deafen'd ear
No pray'r can ſooth; but from this tranſient ſcene,
To the dark realms of ſilence, and of night

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Condemn'ſt the ſons of men, and with them, all
Their little pow'rs created; thy reſolves
Tho' nought can ſhake, yet oh, awhile ſuſpend
The purpos'd blow, and with thy wings protect
Theſe precious reliques of a ſcience loſt!
That their felt energy may ſtill inſpire
A noble emulation, may awake
Each latent ſpark of genius in the breaſt,
Till with the circling years new RAPHAELS riſe,
To ſwell the canvas with enliven'd force,
And fix their great idea on the ſoul.

ON

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ON THE DEATH OF A LINNET.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LI.

BENEATH this fragrant woodbine's ſhade
A little SONGSTER's bones are laid;
Who, ever innocent and gay,
Felt all his hours glide ſmooth away;
No guilty paſſion tore his breaſt,
No dream of Greatneſs broke his reſt;
He with a cheerful, patient mind
Play'd well that part the Gods aſſign'd;
Nor matters it, when this be done,
How ſoon the thread of life is ſpun!

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Ye warbling Tenants of the grove,
Approach this ſpot, and mark your love;
Light hov'ring round on airy wing,
Soft notes of plaintive friendſhip ſing.

So may no prying eye pervade
The hedge-rows where your young are laid,
Nor cruel hand of wanton boy
Your dwellings plunder, or deſtroy:
Far may you bend your flight from where
The artful Fowler ſpreads his ſnare,
And live from ev'ry danger free,
Enjoying ſtill ſweet Liberty!

A PASTORAL

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A

PASTORAL ODE

TO

ECHO.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LII.

SPORTIVE Genius of the Green,
Frequent heard, yet never ſeen,
Tripping o'er with printleſs ſpeed,
Fairy-like, each flow'ry mead,
Ranging ev'ry hill along,
Stealing ev'ry Plowman's ſong;
Whether waving in the wood,
Whether ſkimming o'er the flood,

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Panting on the Southern gale,
Or repoſing in the vale,
Poſting on a ZEPHYR's wing
Hither come; and with thee bring
Gentle Hope, to ſolace one
By a cruel Nymph undone:
Hear me, where beneath the ſhade,
Penſive mourner, I am laid,
Deaf to Muſic's native note,
Pour'd from many a warbler's throat;
Blind to all which pleas'd before;
Smiling landſcapes charm no more.

Waft my ſighs to yonder plains
Where the haughty Fair-one reigns,
Who with Beauty's ſubtle art
Chains, and triumphs o'er my heart;

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Let their murmur reach her ears,
Tell her all my Hopes, and Fears,
She alone loſt peace can give,
Tell her, 'tis for her I live;
Tell her, to my paſſion true,
Tho' repuls'd, I ſtill purſue,
That her Graces I adore,
Tell her alſo——but, no more—
Love admits of no delay,
Little Mimic haſte away.

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ABSENCE;

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LII.

AND muſt I ever vent my Sighs in air?
Tho' with a true, yet fruitleſs Paſſion burn?
In ſorrow ſtill lament my ABSENT FAIR?
And will her truant ſteps no more return?

Ah me! I fear ſhe will diſown the Plain,
Our humble Village, and our peaceful Green;
Elſe in the noiſy town ſhe'd ne'er remain
When Spring invites her to the Sylvan ſcene.

She,

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She, who was firſt to pluck the early roſe,
And twine a garland for the May-pole's head;
She, whom our feſtive Virgins ever choſe
Their Rural Leader, is unkindly fled!

Why tarries thus my FAIR? when Nature ſheds
Her gay profuſion o'er the riſing year?
When for my flocks the mead its treaſure ſpreads?
And woods and lawns in vernal pride appear?

Perhaps ſome poliſh'd Lover courts thy ſmile,
And pours his flatt'ring accents in thine ear;
Or does ſome wealthy Lord thine heart beguile,
And keep thee abſent from thy ſhepherd here?—

O! let not Wealth, or Flatt'ry warp thy mind,
Their blandiſhments will ſoon deceitful prove,
And thou their victim then too late may'ſt find
That artleſs Truth alone is friend to Love!

LOVE

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Love lights his torch at Virtue's ſacred fires,
He comes in ſweet Simplicity array'd!
Far from the pomp of life by choice retires,
And ſeeks the covert of its tranquil ſhade!

No lands have I, no honours to diſplay,
Alike to Fortune, as to Fame, unknown;
I only boaſt a heart that mourns thy Stay,
A faithful heart, that beats for thee alone.

The bloom of May, like thee, that's ever fair,
The brook clear-bubbling, and the cooling breeze,
E'en the mirth-moving bag-pipe, foe to care,
When thou art from me, loſe their pow'r to pleaſe.

Ah! what avails to tread the flow'ry field,
Or view the landſcape from the clifted Steep!
No objects now their wonted pleaſure yield,
But ſeem like me to languiſh, and to weep.

While

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While my companions mingle in the Dance,
And each is jocund with his conſtant maid,
I muſe on Thee, bewail my own miſchance,
And ſullen, ſet me down beneath the ſhade.—

Return once more, ſweet Nymph, and joy excite,
Bright as thyſelf ſhall Nature then ſeem dreſt;
Bring back thy bluſhing Graces to my ſight,
Reward my Truth, and make thy Shepherd bleſt.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LII.

I.

ALL hail! thou venerable Pile,
Within whoſe caverns deep
The boaſted Worthies of this Iſle
In Death's embraces ſleep!

II.

Loſt in thoſe thoughts thy gloom inſpires,
With penſive ſtep I tread;
Extinguiſh'd feel youth's warm deſires,
And muſe upon the dead.

III. The

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III.

The tutor'd Mind here juſtly learns
How human hopes to prize,
As round theſe trophy'd walls ſhe turns
Her meditating eyes.

IV.

The ſculptur'd Urn, the mimic Buſt,
The Grave in pomp array'd,
Serve but to teach us, Man is duſt!
His life a fleeting ſhade!

V.

More than the morning Vapour vain,
Which melts away in air!
Unleſs to Wiſdom he attain,
And Virtue be his care.

VI. Doom'd

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VI.

Doom'd is his Race in all degrees,
One final lot to know;
Tho' some are warn'd by slow disease,
Some summon'd at a blow!—

VII.

In these dark chambers of the Dead,
Life's idle pageant o'er,
Unnotic'd now rolls many a head
That once the Diadem wore.

VIII.

Heroes, who Conquest's falchion drew,
To Death, sole Victor, yield;
Some who perhaps once POICTIERS knew,
Or CRESSY's blood-stain'd field!

IX. Tho'

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IX.

Tho' Regal Glory mark'd their ways,
Tho' Fortune ſwell'd their pow'r,
'Twas but a tranſitory blaze!
The triumph of an hour!

X.

See Rivals ſtretch'd out ſide by ſide,
Whoſe Rage once ſhook the land!
The tongue of Arrogance how ty'd!
How impotent the hand!

XI.

Here let Ambition read its fate,
And check its tow'ring mind;
And thoſe whom wealth, or pride elate,
Here a juſt leſſon find.

XII. Extinguiſh'd

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XII.

Extinguish'd now is Wit's bright fire!
Loft its enliv'ning themes!
Mute and unstrung the Poet's lyre!
Clos'd, Fancy's rapt'rous dreams!

XIII.

All silent, Truth's persuasive voice
To holy Prelates given!
Who shew'd the World its wiser choice,
And taught the way to Heaven!

XIV.

Nor e'en can Beauty's subtle charms
The claim of Death evade;
Or steal from his rapacious arms
The Love-devoted Maid!

XV. See

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XV.

See this declar'd on yon rich ſhrines
That virgin aſhes keep,
Round which the ſculptur'd garland twines,
And marble Cupids weep.——

XVI.

Yet let us not with ſuch diſmay
This dreaded Victor view;
For if he tears our joys away,
He takes our ſorrows too.

XVII.

To thoſe whom torturing pain oppreſt
The ſhelt'ring Grave gives peace;
There the worn traveller finds reſt!
The world's hard conflicts ceaſe!

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XVIII.

There all the wrongs of Fate severe,
In cold oblivion lie!
Grief wounds no more!—for ev'ry tear
Is wip'd from ev'ry eye!——

XIX.

Stop, Stranger, whoſoe'er thou art,
And to thyſelf be juſt;
Theſe mould'ring Tombs addreſs thine heart:
Catch Wiſdom from the Duſt.

XX.

RELIGION only forms man's ſoul
Calmly to view his end;
Can his vain paſſions beſt controul,
In Life, in Death, a Friend.

XXI. A day

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XXI.

A Day will come in Time's long reign
(Such hope hath Heav'n reveal'd,)
When Graves ſhall render up again
Thoſe whom they once conceal'd.

XXII.

Then ſhall Creation's MIGHTY LORD
Bid ev'ry ſlumb'rer riſe;
And Angels' tongues this Truth record
THE VIRTUOUS WERE THE WISE!

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ON THE MARRIAGE OF TWO FRIENDS.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LIII.

I.

THE Prieſt the holy knot hath ty'd;
Returning from the Altar's ſide
View yonder feſtive Train:
Their looks the ſmiles of Gladneſs ſhow.—
Far from their ſteps be Care and Woe,
Nor this bright morning ſtain!

II. Thrice

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II.

Thrice happy they, whoſe faithful hands
Are knit in HYMENÆAL bands,
Whom ſtrong affection fires!
Pair'd by free choice, who nobly ſlight
That Demon INT'REST, at whoſe ſight
LOVE's ſacred torch expires!—

III.

Hail! MARRIAGE, from whoſe genial ſource
In pureſt ſtream flows Friendſhip's Courſe
To cheer the human heart!
Thou beſt canſt bid each Virtue live,
A keener ſenſe to Pleaſure give,
And blunt Misfortune's dart!

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IV.

Let gay LOTHARIO ever ſeek
Falſe tranſport on the Wanton's cheek,
And wedded Faith upbraid:
But by his reſtleſs paſſions torn
Still ſhall he roam about forlorn,
A poor, unſocial ſhade.

V.

Ne'er ſhall his narrow boſom prove
The varied charms of lawful Love,
By Time, by Worth refin'd:
The mutual wiſh, the mutual joy,
And thoſe delights which ne'er can cloy,
The raptures of the mind!

VI. When

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VI.

When man in PARADISE remain'd,
And o'er that new Creation reign'd
Which might endear his life,
He view'd it as a gaudy waſte,
A world of ſweets he could not taſte
Till Heav'n had made a WIFE.

VII.

Then, EDEN breath'd a ſofter gale,
The landſcap'd hill, the flow'ry vale,
With wonder caught his eye;
Whilſt his fair EVE beſide him ſtood,
How great! how glorious! and how good!
Was all beneath the ſky.——

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VIII.

Come, ſmiling CONCORD, to thy care
Jocund receive this wedded Pair,
And lead them to thy bow'r;
Where TRUTH's bright wreath ſhall bind their head,
CONTENT their path with roſes ſpread,
And LOVE his bleſſings ſhow'r.—

IX.

So paſs their years!—and grey in age
Still may the world their hopes engage,
And they new Youth attain,
Whilſt circled by a virtuous Race,
The records of themſelves they trace,
And tread back Life again!

TO

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TO A LADY;

FROM HER DEAD BULLFINCH.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LIII.

WHY does my Miſtreſs mourn my fate?
Or murmur at my alter'd ſtate?
Eſcap'd from that diurnal care
Which Birds, like other mortals, ſhare;
No more a ſlave to Hope and Sorrow,
The poor Dependent on to-morrow!—
When I look back on life, I view
Nothing to raiſe regret, but You.
A little trifling part I play'd,
From infancy a captive made;

Your

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Your love alone could ſolace me,
And balance loſs of Liberty!—
The grateful tribute from your eye,
The fond remembrance, pitying ſigh!
Since ſuch a lot to me is given,
I envy not the *Bird of Heav'n*.

But, gentle Maid, tho' life ſeems fled,
I'm only in appearance dead;
In GREECE a Sage did once maintain
That *bodies* die, but *ſouls* remain,
And without any creature ſeeing,
Slip into ſome new kind of being,
Compell'd to gain a ſafe retreat
In the firſt *lifeleſs Form* they meet.

Thus I, purſuant to his plan,
Tho' late a *Bird*, am now a *Man*;

Sang

Snug in the body of a *Beau*,
I flutter round where'er you go;
For ever ready at your Call
To deal the cards, or join the ball.
A light, fantaſtic, merry thing,
As uſual, always on the wing,
I'll cherup at all public places,
Toaſt you as fairer than the GRACES,
And dangle, flirt, proteſt, and ſue,
As other pretty fellows do.

And haply if on me ſhould ſhine
Thoſe ſmiles which once were wholly mine,
Would you careſs me, now prefer'd,
As you careſs'd me when a *Bird*,
Grant, Heav'n! I may a *Man* remain,
And never change my Form again!

AN

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AN ODE

WRITTEN AT BAIÆ

IN THE SPRING OF M.DCC.LV.

I.

AS penſive on thy ſilent ſhore,
Thy mould'ring Temples I explore,
And breathe an air ſerene;
Whilſt I on all thy beauties gaze,
O BAIÆ! in unſtudy'd Lays
I'll trace thy joyous ſcene.
'Tis not the rapture of poetic fire,
But that harmonious eaſe which thy ſoft gales inſpire!

II. Where'er

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II.

Where'er our wand'ring ſteps are born,
Gay Plenty pours her laviſh horn,
Bleſſing thy fertile ground;
And PHOEBUS with his golden rays
Upon the trembling water plays,
Glitt'ring on all around:
Whilſt the rich Orange, and the Myrtle join'd
With many a fragrant plant, perfume the wanton [wind.

III.

Lo! on thy Bay's enchanting ſide
PARTHENOPE * in ſtately pride
Rears her majeſtic head!
Still more to aggrandize the View,
Behold where dire VESUVIUS too,
Thy Safety, and thy Dread,
With far-heard echos makes the mountains nod,
Flames with eternal Fires, and thunders like a God!—

* The ancient name of NAPLES.

IV. With

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IV.

With pallid Looks, and languid Eyes,
Chill'd by the blaſts of northern ſkies,
The Stranger ſeeks thy coaſt;
Soon with a bluſh his viſage burns,
The cheerful ſmile of Health returns,
Such charms thy breezes boaſt!
Jocund he ſprings, the happy clime adores,
Bears back his ſtrength renew'd, and bleſſes BAIÆ's [ſhores.

V.

When ROME's dread banners were unfurl'd
And flutter'd o'er a ſubject world,
Dominion's pride to ſwell,
This ſpot, its Chiefs with raptur'd eyes
Beheld, here bade their Villas riſe,
At BAIÆ fond to dwell.——
And, wretched matron! AGRIPPINA, here
Oft ſigh'd a NERO's Crimes!—Oft dropt a Mo- [ther's Tear!

VI. Nor

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VI.

Nor to the Great, the Fam'd alone
Was this delicious region known,
The Muſes ſought its ſhade;
Here ſweeteſt VIRGIL rang'd along
Maturely plann'd his artful ſong,
And all his ſkill diſplay'd:
Bade the CUMÆAN Grot to ages laſt,
And o'er AVERNUS' Lake a darker horror caſt.

VII.

What verſe, chaſte Bard! like thine could ſhow
The wandring TROJAN's vary'd woe?
Deſcribe his tortur'd mind?
Or that keen anguiſh which oppreſt
Th' enamour'd DIDO's royal breaſt,
Her Hero too unkind:
With his hard toils LAVINIA to obtain,
And poor EVANDER's grief for his dear PALLAS [ſlain!—

VIII. Come

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VIII.

Come, bright-ey'd FANCY! hand-in-hand
Let's range o'er this poetic land,
And wind our penſive way,
Pauſe, and contemplate as we paſs
Each time-worn Fabric's ruin'd maſs,
Still beauteous in decay:
Now that the vernal hours ſo much invite,
And all th' enraptur'd ſoul awakes to new delight!

IX.

Each tuneful Bird his tribute pays,
Each Flow'r its glowing hues diſplays,
Free'd from a wintry Tomb;
Myriads of new-born Inſects run
To hail th' invigorating Sun,
Gay in their tranſient bloom.——
What joy, INSTRUCTIVE NYMPH, with thee to rove,
And mark Creation's works in one ſtrict order [move!——

X. This

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X.

This conſtant Change which Nature feels,
Man's pictur'd hiſtory reveals,
Methinks I hear Thee ſay,
Doom'd like the Lilly high to ſpread
A little while his graceful head,
The bloſſom of a day!
Then drooping ſad, conclude his fleeting reign,
And ſinking, ſhed his leaves, to bud and bloom again

XI.

Life's cheerful Spring and Summer paſt,
Our ſober Autumn comes at laſt,
And warns us to the earth;
PHILOSOPHY becalms our breaſt,
In peace RELIGION bids us reſt,
And wait a *ſecond Birth;*
When to a SPRING ETERNAL we ſhall riſe,
And burſting from the Grave, ſhoot upward to the [Skies.

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THE

HELVETIAD:

A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN AT GENEVA

IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LVI.

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PREFACE TO THE HELVETIAD.

THE famous Revolution which happened the beginning of the fourteenth century in SWITZERLAND, and which produced the preſent free government that prevails through its numerous States, was firſt planned by three private men, viz. WERNER DE STAUFFACH, WALTER FURST, and ARNOLD DE MELCHTAL,—natives of the Cantons of SWITZ, — URI, — and UNDERWALD, which lie round the lake of LUCERN.

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During a long ſtay, I many years ſince, made at GENEVA, I viſited moſt of the principal places in SWITZERLAND.—The many ſublime ſcenes with which Nature hath enriched this romantic Country—the tranquility and content with which every Individual enjoys his property—and above all, that independency of mind, which is ever the reſult of Liberty, animated me with ſuch veneration for the FIRST AUTHORS of that Freedom—whoſe figures are recorded to poſterity, either by Sculpture, or Painting, in the public parts of the towns through thoſe little States—that my enthuſiaſm betrayed me into a deſign of writing a poem on this ſingular Revolution; the argument of which I had

divided

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divided into *Ten Cantos*, beginning the work with the oppreſſions of the houſe of AUSTRIA, and cloſing it with the battle of MONGARTEN; by which thoſe injured people finally renounced its uſurpation, and formed among themſelves thoſe various *confederacies*, that ended in the great Union and Alliance of the preſent THIRTEEN CANTONS.

When I had ſettled the whole plan of this work, I occaſionally, as I found a diſpoſition in myſelf, took up any part of the poem, which at the moment moſt invited my thoughts.—And enjoying at this time ſuch an intercourſe with *Monſieur* DE VOLTAIRE, as afforded me a conſtant acceſs to him, I acquainted him with my intention; ſhewing him the ar-

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gument I had drawn out for the conduct of the whole Design.——He kept it a few days; and in returning it, told me, that he thought the great object of the piece, the Episodes, connected with the History, together with the scenery of the country, presented subject matter whereon to form a fine poem, "but the time," added he, "which such an undertaking "will require, I would rather counsel "you to employ on subjects, that might "more engage the public attention—— "for should you devote yourself to the "completion of your present design, the "Swiss would be much obliged to you, "without being able to read you, and "the rest of the world care very little "about the matter."

I fully

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I fully felt the force and juſtneſs of his remark; and having only finiſhed *one Canto*,—which was intended to have been the *Third*, and which was to contain the firſt *appointed interview* of the *three Heroes* of the piece, in a little hut by the ſide of the lake of LUCERN, (now diſtinguiſhed by a chapel being erected on the ſpot)—I very ſoon laid the whole aſide. And a year or two afterwards, when I maturely conſidered this buſineſs, the remark of my friend ſtill more forcibly impreſſed itſelf—I was alarmed at the temerity of an undertaking, which now preſented itſelf to be of that ſort of compoſition, to the able execution of which ſo few have been equal—I now reviewed it as the effect of the ardour of youth,

which

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which my cooler reflexions atoned for, by totally abandoning the deſign, and deſtroying all traces of it, excepting *this Canto.*

I had purpoſed to have made De Stauffach my principal character, influencing by his more enlarged knowledge and abilities, the paſſions of his *two Colleagues*; who were (as was the fate of moſt in thoſe ages) but little informed by books, yet endued with ſtrong natural ſenſe, and quick feelings.

What might be ſuppoſed to have paſſed in ſuch an interview, between men jealous of their natural rights, and poſſeſſing fortitude to ſupport them againſt the oppreſſion of arbitrary power, forms the ſubject of the following poem; which

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being of itſelf a *diſtinct and independent ſcene*, I could not but feel a wiſh to allow it a place among my other Poems.

I have only to add, that in the *general plan*, after the total rout of LEOPOLD, Duke of AUSTRIA, at MONGARTEN, as the leaders of the little victorious army were returning home, I had purpoſed that they ſhould have been met on their way by a venerable *Hermit* of the mountains, who, after congratulating their unexpected triumph, ſhould prophetically announce to them the Bleſſings which would be derived from the Event of ſo glorious a day;—the permanent Liberty that would in conſequence of it be eſtabliſhed in their country;—and the future *Confederacies* they ſhould form.

To

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To render the Poem now ſubmitted to the Reader more perfect, I judged it neceſſary, near the cloſe of it, by an apoſtrophe to the actors in this ſcene, to let the *Muſe* take up the *Hermit*'s prediction, which would otherwiſe have been introduced in the manner above deſcribed.

It may not be improper to add, that the *three Figures* on the ſhield which LIBERTY ſupports, in the Frontiſpiece to this Poem, are copied from a medallion ſtruck in honor of the Heroes who are the ſubject of it.

THE

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THE HELVETIAD.

A FRAGMENT.

NOW shine auspicious on my arduous task,
Ye SISTERS of the Lyre; who on the top
Of fair PARNASSUS blooming garlands wreathe,
To bind the temples of those happy few
Ye deign to call your own!——'Tis not enough
That I invok'd you, when my daring pen
First trac'd *this Theme*, of FREEDOM; still vouchsafe
To guide it onward;——for I call you not,
Celestial MAIDS, to hang an amorous Lay
On Beauty's shrine, or aid some trivial song;
'Tis your own cause——'Tis yours to rend the veil

Of

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Of dark Oblivion, and bring forth to Day
Virtue's firm votaries!——To fix on high,
Beyond TIME's envious reach, the Hero's name,
On FAME's immortal ſcroll; that it may thence
Shine to ſucceeding Ages, and inſpire
Mankind to imitate what you record!——

'Twas now that hour of ſilence and repoſe,
The Dead of Night, when Darkneſs, like the Grave,
Hides all diſtinction——when the Fairy Tribe,
As ancient ſtory goes, beneath the buſh
Of roſe, or woodbine, hold nocturnal ſports;
And Witches crouching under blaſted trees,
Mutter their miſchiefs——reſtleſs, and forlorn,
Alien alike to Virtue, as to Peace,
In ſome ſequeſter'd corner pines the Wretch
Whom conſcious Guilt torments——now all the pomp
Which pours its idle flatt'ries round the Great,

And

And dazzles and deludes the vulgar eye,
Remains unnotic'd; and awaits the morn
To ask again its homage——Calmly sunk
In slumbers such as Temperance insures,
On his low pallet stretch'd, the Lab'rour lies,
Pillow'd by soft Content; nor sighs to know
The dreams of Princes, near whose stately beds
Pale CARE his melancholy vigil keeps.—

The village clocks around the LAKE struck *Twelve*,
And cross LUCERNO's waters with shrill note
Twang'd on the silent air; speaking the hour,
Th' important hour's approach, destin'd to fix
The *future fortune* of this injur'd Land;
But speaking it unto those ears alone
That conscious knew the summons——Nor did they
Such monitor require——for slowly creeps
The tardy foot of Time, when the soul teems

With

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With deeds of import, and impatient waits
The executing moment.——Onward came
Led by three different paths, the *Patriot* CHIEFS,
By Fate ſelected, midſt theſe rugged ſcenes
To plant that Freedom, which in after years
Should ſhoot, ſhould flouriſh, and its bleſſings ſpread
O'er all HELVETIA's Sons.——Penſive they walk'd,
Warm'd by ſuch virtuous ardour as inſpir'd
The ROMAN ſpirit, when the name of ROME
In rigid honor bright, from the wide world
Claim'd reverence——Faithful at th' appointed place
They duly join'd.—— It was a clay-wall'd Hut,
Boſom'd in tufted trees, which on the verge
Of craggy paſtures ſloping to the Lake
Stood hid in ſilent ſhade; where, when the heats
Of Summer rag'd, the ſhepherd-boy was wont
Careleſs to ſtretch his limbs, what time his flock
Cropp'd the ſweet wild-thyme, or the umbrage ſought

Of.

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Of ſome o'er-ſhadowing cliff.——'Tis not the place
Which digniſies the act!——The noble mind
Is ev'ry where the ſame!——Nor let the Great
Who hold their councils but in tapſtry'd halls,
Deride this ſimple ſcene.——O! would to Heav'n!
That all who ſit in Senates, and decide
The plans of Empire, thither went with minds
As firmly independent, or as warm
To feel with indignation ev'ry wrong
That ſhakes their Country's peace!——The door now [clos'd,
Suſpended from a beam one lamp was hung
To cheer the gloomy walls; and in each face
Such greeting ſhew'd, as is far ſtronger told
By looks, than language.—When De Stauffach thus
Op'd the nocturnal meeting——"Welcome, Friends,
And welcome Brothers; for the name of Friend,
As that of Brother, beſt belongs to thoſe
Whom one good Principle, one honeſt Fame

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Unite in Love: albeit that the world
Adulterates the titles!——We are met,
Like pious Children round an aged Sire,
To prop his feeble arm, his silver hairs
From infamy protect, and to his griefs
Speak comfort——such our task——and such a Sire
Our Country is; far other times than these
Once us'd to know.——This State, which first beheld
Our dawn of life, which rear'd our youthful years,
Which saw us shoot to manhood, and hath yet
Preserv'd our properties, now calls aloud
Complaining; summons ev'ry honest breast
To feel its wrongs, and with a parent's voice
Chides our unkind delay: each hour we breathe,
The stern Vicegerents of proud AUSTRIA
Tread on our sacred rights! judging their wills
To be our only laws.——Say, shall the tide
Of wanton pow'r o'erwhelm us? shall we sink,

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Nor buffet with the torrent?——Is it meet
We ſtand unmov'd ſpectators? tamely gaze
Whilſt the deſtroying flame lays all things waſte?
Rather let's leap into the funeral pile,
And with our Country's aſhes, mix our own.—
He, who was born to Freedom, ne'er forgets
The charms of Liberty, or e'er can bear
Oppreſſion's iron hand!——Yet think, my friends,
Smiling at human arrogance, aloft
Th' ETERNAL JUSTICE ſits, with arm prepar'd
To crush the ripen'd Tyrant, and avenge
The conflicts of the Brave——There reſt your truſt—
Haply through this dim labyrinth, his hand
May ſhape our courſe, and point in our diſtreſs
Some honourable means to looſe our chains
E'er yet they bind too hard, e'er yet ſweet Hope
Be but an empty name.——Better to die
Than live inglorious! happier far not be,

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Than be dependent on another's nod! —
Ye guardian rocks, that round our little ſtates
Irregularly noble, raiſe your heads
Majeſtic, down whoſe woody ſides the rills
Urge their wild courſe; how jocund was I wont
To gaze upon you all?—how raptur'd once
Rang'd I your clifted ſteeps? with Nature charm'd,
And fair Simplicity:— and thou, lov'd Lake,—
Who play'ſt in murmurs at their ſtony feet
Thou too my joy haſt witneſs'd: ſeen the ſmiles
Content paints on the peaceful brow!—But now,
Ye guardian rocks, that round our little ſtates
Irregularly noble, raiſe your heads
Majeſtic, down whoſe woody ſides the rills
Urge their wild courſe, no longer do I range
Jocund, your clifted ſteeps; the echo ſweet
Of Liberty no more allures!— And thou
Lov'd Lake, who murmur'ſt at their ſtony feet,

Muſt

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Muſt henceforth ceaſe to witneſs to my joy,
Nor more canſt charm! for tyranny, alas!
Hath ſtain'd thy ſtreams, and every ſpring is foul!"—

Here paus'd the Patriot; for adown his cheek
Quick roll'd th' involuntary tear, and ſtop'd
His fault'ring voice; it was the tribute paid
By Senſibility to Social Love!——
Not for himſelf he wept, no private loſs:
His gen'rous mind embrac'd a ſuff'ring land
And unborn generations——Tears like theſe
How rarely ſee we now!——Yet howſoe'er
A ſordid intereſt, or ſelfiſh views
Miſlead an erring world, the human ſoul
Ne'er ſhines more bright, than when ſhe feels, and aids
The wretchedneſs of others!——On ſuch worth
Approving Heav'n looks down, and, ſmiling, bids
Recording angels regiſter the deed!——

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With countenance attentive, FURST took in
His friend's complaint;—and added, "Nor to me
Leſs odious is the cauſe which brings us here;
'Tis ever preſent to my thoughts; when morn
Calls up the healthful Hind, or evening calm
Bids peace to man;——but unto ſuch as me
Bids it in vain! for reſtleſs ſlumber they
Who taſte Affliction's cup: on my worn heart
Still preys the bitter draught, and mocks repoſe—
Or when tir'd Nature haply yields, even then
Fancy for ever pregnant, to my ſenſe
Pictures her viſionary ſhapes, nor ſcarce
Allows my ſorrows pauſe.——Laſt night I dreamt,
(Nor ſlight a dream, tho' reaſon interdict
Too fond a credit) that beneath the ſhade
Of a tall ſpreading oak, whoſe branches cheer
My ſmall paternal Farm, I muſing ſat
My Country's fortune; how the hand of Fate

To

To ſtates, to princes, and to private men
Portions their bliſs and woe; when I beheld
An aged Form approach me, which portray'd
My Father's perſon, whoſe dear mem'ry yet
Is green amongſt us;——Dreſt methought he ſtood
As he was wont; and tho' my throbbing heart
Panted for utt'rance, yet a tremor ſeiz'd
My agitated ſpirits, and deny'd
My tongue its office; whilſt with aſpect mild,
And looks that breath'd benevolence and love,
He thus reliev'd me——"Far diſpell'd, my ſon,
"Be all that can alarm thee; view me here
"A friendly viſitant; nor unto me
"Unknown thy ſuff'rings, or the worthy flame
"Thy ſoul is nouriſhing! I only come
"To give it life.——If honour's virtuous ſeeds
"Are not extinct, which in thy youthful mind
"With early care I cherish'd, let them now

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" In vigour ſhoot, and bloſſom into fame.——
" Affliction is our touchſtone, ſhe alone
" Beſt ſhews us what we are, and ſummons up
" In the great hour of trial and effect,
" A ſtrength we knew not of!——The time, my ſon,
" Is nearly ripe, when this long-injur'd land
" Shall claim thy ſervice——Give it as a man;
" And thank the Heav'ns who call thee to aſſert
" The glorious cauſe of Freedom."——Saying this
He ſeem'd in act to part, whilſt at his feet
I threw me to embrace his rev'rend knees,
And urge his longer ſtay;——when into air
He melted like a vapour.——On my ſenſe
Yet ſtill th' impreſſion of the Phantom lives;
And there ſhall live, and prove my guiding Star.——
The time is near (ſo ſaid the honour'd Shade)
To claim our ſervices——And how ſo well
Can we reſtore our groaning Country's peace,

As

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As from the hand of Pow'r boldly to wreſt
The ſtaff of Office, whoſe oppreſſive ſway
Too long we've ſuffer'd?——Of their ſolemn truſt
When thoſe ordain'd the Guardians of our laws
Become forgetful, or miſuſe their charge,
Plum'd in authority; 'tis Virtue then,
Nay our ſtrict duty, to protect ourſelves,
And thunder in their ears, They are but men,
As ſuch reſponſible.——For ſay, my friends,
What is the cement of our concord here?
Or what the bonds which hold in amity
The peopled world?——Sprung from one gen'ral bed,
Great Nature's children, we are all born free,
And claim our birthright—But that Pow'r ſupreme,
Who faſhion'd firſt our complicated frame,
Ne'er meant the ſoul of man ſhould be controul'd
By thoſe baſe views which only move around
The centre of ſelf-love——Our mutual wants,

Our

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Our mutual means of aid, call'd forth to view
Each nobler virtue, and awak'd the mind
To Friendſhip—— to Benevolence —— to Fame.—
Hence roſe SOCIETY; Hence thoſe dear names
Which heart to heart unite,—— and man to man;
Hence all the tend'reſt ties our boſoms know,—
Hence Life's ſublimeſt raptures——Nations met
As one vaſt family, to ſhare alike
The future Cloud, or Sun-ſhine.——Whileſe the cauſe,
Or injury of *each*, was felt by *all*,
And ſtrictly judg'd —— Rulers were choſen out
As gen'ral Parents, to protect their rights
And vindicate their wrongs; whilſt unto them
Honor, obedience, and reſpect were due,
As their juſt tribute paid.——This mutual chain
Links States, and Empires; 'tis the compact firm
Of kings and ſubjects; but if once 'tis broke,
Or ſhould this gen'ral Parent e'er betray

His

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His ſacred truſt, or prove a gen'ral foe;
The reign of Nature muſt again return,
And her firſt, ſtrongeſt law, is —— *Self-defence.*"

To whom, thus MELCHTAL — "Worthy countrymen,
I with an eager ear have unto both
Liſten'd attentively; and all you've ſaid
Seems to wear Reaſon's ſtamp. —— His native rights
Man never ſhould relinquiſh —— for the ſoul
By Tyranny feels its bright powers debas'd,
Its faculties relax'd —— 'Tis Virtue's grave! ——
And all thoſe generous ſprings on which ſhe moves
When Liberty's fair ſmiles protect her hopes,
There lie entomb'd! —— their aſhes but produce
A principle of conduct tenfold baſe,
I even ſhrink to name it, —— *abject Fear!* ——
The Freedom by our Anceſtors obtain'd,
And unto us devolv'd, we hold *in Truſt*;

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It is a ſacred *Pledge* left in our hands,
Of which we're but the *Guardians*, ſtrictly bound
To yield it up to our poſterity
Pure, and unſtain'd.—O then, let Pity's eye
Dart thro' the veil of years, and view the Race
Who ſhall ſpring from us; and in after times,
When we're conſign'd to duſt, live in our ſtead,
Tread the ſame path, with paſſions, and with hopes
Like us endu'd, and all their claims as juſt!—
This criſis ſlipt, they may hereafter want
Force to regain what we ignobly loſt!—
But grant they ſhould—By Time the mind is taught
Patient to bear its ills; and as the rays
Of Liberty decline, in the dark miſt
Which clouds its ſetting, *Public Virtue* ſinks!—
The rampant Lion taken in the toils
Shakes fierce his ſhaggy mane, and combats hard
To rend the chain that holds him; but his Cub

Rear'd

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Rear'd in a cage, unconſcious of the joy
To range the wilds, fawns at his keeper's feet,
And, quite forgetful of his nature, yields."——

"Believe me, it tranſports my ſwelling ſoul,"
Rejoin'd DE STAUFFACH, "to obſerve your breaſts
Thus kindled by a flame which noble minds
Alone can feel——Truth hangs upon your lips,
And ev'ry argument with trumpet voice,
Cries "ſleep no more," Danger is at our gate,
And flutters round our roof with Raven wing,
The prophet of our fate——That which you urge
For our POSTERITY, is that of all
Which wounds the deepeſt, and pleads moſt within.—
Were we alone the ſuff'rers, we alone
Could bear the lot——our morn of life is o'er——
'Twere but to paſs its ev'ning with diſguſt,
And cloſe it ſomewhat hardly!——But for thoſe

Who

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Who muſt ſucceed us —— ſhould we cloud their hopes,
Turn all their flow'ry walks to paths of thorns,
Entail diſtreſs, and, ſad inheritance!
Bequeath them nought but *Bondage* —— O! alas!
Think how ſeverely they would judge of us
Who ſaw the ſtorm, yet left untry'd the means
To ſcreen *them* from its blaſt! —— Babes would learn
To ſtammer out the baſe perfidious names
Of MELCHTAL, FURST, and STAUFFACH; and old Men,
Sitting in Summer eves before their doors
With all their gather'd family around,
Relate our ſhameful ſtory! —— Heav'n! avert
A guilt ſo deep as this! —— If that our names,
When we've deſcended to the realms of Death,
And Earth's return'd to Earth, by chance exiſt,
Ne'er let Reproach ſit mocking o'er our grave,
And with contemptuous hand, point—"*here they lie!*"—
No —— let us act, that whether we are doom'd

To

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To triumph, or to ſink, our future Race
May joy to own us, may revere our deeds,
And crown our memories with grateful praiſe."

As ere the deep-ton'd Thunder's voice is heard
Th' anticipating Lightning darts around
A momentary notice; ſo, with looks
That quicker than his tongue his feelings told,
FURST thus exclaim'd—"There needs not further words
To urge thy purpoſe; Thee, our faithful guide,
We'll follow reſolute—and what I ſpeak
Is but our common wiſh; my MELCHTAL's eyes
Look approbation—point us out the path,
We'll loiter not behind.—How poor is life!
Its joys how chill'd, when Liberty is loſt!
If joys may then exiſt; when the curb'd mind
No longer dares to reaſon, but perceives
At ev'ry turn a barrier, and muſt bow

To

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To each fantaſtic mandate——'Tis a ſtate
Fit but for Coward ſlaves, who ſhrink at death,
And guard on hardeſt terms a fickle flame
Each wind may terminate——The truly Brave
Know no ſuch feelings, but with fix'd Reſolve
Combat Misfortune, nor from Danger ſtart.——
And many ſuch as theſe, our cauſe divulg'd,
We'll find amidſt our friends, our deſtin'd lot
Of Fame, or Peril, emulous to ſhare.
Juſtice ſhall guide us, and her champions arm
With that good ſword which half obtains the prize,
And oft to Vict'ry leads—— *a Conſcious Right.*"——

Thus plainly reaſon'd They—their maxims drawn
From NATURE'S artleſs volume, read by minds
Which VIRTUE had inform'd.——Compar'd to this,
How vain the idle ſophiſtry of ſchools!
The pride of pedantry, or Learning's boaſt!——

Thank

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Thank Heav'n! nor needs there theſe, to teach mankind
Their duty to themſelves, and to the World!——

" Nor think that we alone are pointed out,"
Reſum'd De Stauffach, " by the hand of Fate,
And mark'd unfortunate; look but around
The peopled Globe, in Time's revolving courſe
All have their Tyrants, all their hours of Woe!—
And as I well perceive the gen'rous ſparks
Of Freedom glow within you, let me now
Augment their ardour, whilſt I open lay
Th' hiſtoric page, and to your ears unfold
A deed of Fame, unknown perchance to you.

" Tho' lock'd from Infancy, within the Bounds
Of theſe your barrier mountains, ſomewhat ſure
You muſt have heard of Rome? the glorious ſeat
Of Arts and Arms, once Miſtreſs of the World;

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To whom obedient Kings in ev'ry clime
Submiſſive bow'd, and own'd Her pow'r ſupreme?
You may have heard of CÆSAR too, whoſe ſword
Subdu'd the brave HELVETII, and defil'd
Theſe peaceful regions with the ſtains of War——
Become the Leader of thoſe num'rous hoſts
Who rul'd the fate of Empires, round his head
The blooming laurel twin'd, and the loud voice
Of each Plebeian rais'd him to the ſkies:
But not content to ſhare thoſe high rewards
The ROMAN ſtate conferr'd, his reſtleſs ſoul,
Lur'd by Ambition's viſionary ſchemes,
Aſpiring ſtill, ſtrove to be Lord of all.——

"But while this cloud hung gath'ring over ROME,
A few there were who mark'd with jealous eye
This daring Man; ſaw, that at ev'ry ſtep
He trampled on their Rights, that ev'ry day

But

But pictur'd Freedom loſt——E'en now my heart,
By our too ſad ſimilitude of Woe
Feels their diſtreſs!——Shall I go on, and ſay
How oft they met? how oft deplor'd their fate,
And pour'd their thoughts into each other's breaſt?
Or of the league they ſwore to end his reign
Who thus had all the various rays of Pow'r
Centred within himſelf?—— But I ſhould firſt
Have told you, chief of theſe was CÆSAR's friend,
By name a BRUTUS, in his foſt'ring ſmiles
Rais'd, and protected; but whoſe patriot mind,
When by this gen'ral inſult rouz'd, at once
Cancell'd all private ties—— "Ye righteous Gods!
"If that I err," he cry'd, as on the ſword
Which ſeal'd their mutual oath, his hand he laid,
"If that I err, my error waſh my crime!
"Much to my Friend I owe,—— my Country more;
"And judge me, if I not eſteem the debt
"This native ſoil demands, beyond the bonds

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" Which link our partial int'reſts."——To be brief,
His fatal hour was fix'd, and each prepar'd
To ſtamp it with renown——In blaze of day,
Amidſt th' aſſembled ſenate as he ſat,
They plung'd their daggers in his breaſt, and gave
To ROME once more its Freedom——Victim like,
Thus mighty CÆSAR fell, on whom mankind
Had rivetted ſo long their wond'ring eyes,
A ſacrifice to Juſtice.——Yet his duſt
FAME ſtill protects, ſcatt'ring around his Urn
Full many a flow'r, which graceful would have breath'd
Their bluſhing ſweets, had not a *Tyrant's* name
With its dark ſhadow half their luſtre hid!"——

He ended, and what time he thus deſcrib'd
ROME's braveſt Soldier, and her direſt Foe,
With greedy ear the liſt'ning Two imbib'd
The *Home-felt* Tale, which ſhew'd the rigid force

Of

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Of public Virtue, that could thus prevail
O'er an admiring People, and ſubdue
E'en Friendſhip's tend'reſt claims—nought they reply'd,
But ſide by ſide ſtood rooted; till at length
With ardent looks, they mutually graſp'd hands,
And ſhot their ſouls in at each other's eye,
Pregnant with nobleſt purpoſe——well conceiv'd
Of Both—for where concurrent Paſſions meet
There needs no Herald's trumpet to announce
Their meaning!—Language here had all been vain!
Unequal to the workings of the Mind——

The awful ſilence of this ſolemn Scene
De Stauffach breaking, thus his ſpeech renew'd.
"I ſee you're deeply touch'd — and who like you,
Born with ſuch ſpirits as are given to curb
Th' Oppreſſor's arrogance, can hear unmov'd
Th' achievements of the Brave?—In gen'rous Minds

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ſympathy by Nature's hand
reſt, making them prompt to feel
ual Injuries! —— yet, thanks to Heav'n,
Inſults of Licentious Pow'r,
Rome, hath gall'd us with its yoke,
eſs hard; the part we have to act
e dagger's aid —— for ill is drawn
that ſtirs up civil ſtrife; —— to peace
ads! —— When forth in terrors ſtalk
Revenge, who fitly can deſcribe
rs that enſue? or the dread ſcenes
Conteſt? which too often miſs
os'd good; and like to Rivers ſwell'd
n ruins, lay waſte the fertile banks
d have bleſs'd! —— Let us forthwith ſelect
band, and with maturenefs weigh
of doing right —— Our ripen'd ſtrength,
d councils, then may boldly dare

To

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To disallow the tributary claims
Of haughty AUSTRIA, nay disown her sway
So long usurp'd, and from our States expell
Her sanction'd Rulers, never to return
Whilst e'en one arm is left to cross their way.——
What now remains for us, but here to pledge
Our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Fame, in bonds
That death alone shall cancel, ev'ry joy
Henceforth renouncing, till we have restor'd
Peace to our injur'd Country, or have fall'n
Undaunted victims of the gen'ral wreck.——
This be our League, and with a warm embrace
Thus let us sign it on each other's breast."

So saying, close around each other's neck
In cordial clasp they twin'd their folded arms,
Firm seal of plighted Faith! while strongly throbb'd
Each heart, as bearing record, and the tear

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Which glifter'd tremulous on ev'ry eye
Stood prologue of that manly, ſocial love
Which Virtue ſtir'd within——" Thus let us ſtand"
They cry'd, " a Bulwark 'gainſt our Foes;——And
GREAT GOD of Juſtice, from thy ſtarry Throne [Thou,
Witneſs, and aid our Truth!—And ye bright SAINTS
Who once like us were mortal, and like us
Once trod the paths of Sorrow, liv'd in times
Of trials moſt ſevere, and like us doom'd
To combat hard for Freedom!——whereſoe'er
Ye unembody'd dwell, ſtill to our minds
Be preſent——By your great Examples fir'd,
Let us be taught firmly to perſevere,
And learn from YOU,—to triumph,—or to fall!"——

Thus clos'd the Council, for they now had mark'd
The far advance of Night, and left the eye
Of prying Jealouſy might o'er their deeds

Suſpicion

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Suſpicion caſt, the ever faithful voice
Of Prudence caution'd to withdraw——So each
Seeking again the way by which he came,
Homeward return'd; determin'd to embrace,
As Heav'n ſhould will,—or LIBERTY—or DEATH.—

CONGENIAL SPIRITS! Great as thoſe that grac'd
The GREEK or ROMAN Annals, when they ſhone
Moſt glorious——If aright th' enraptur'd Muſe
Can read Futurity's dim page, this League
On Virtue's firm foundation ſhall uprear
That FREEDOM, which HELVETIA's Sons ſhall know
For long ſucceeding ages!——As aloft
From its ſlight ſhaft the Cedar ſhoots, and ſpreads
Wide its extending branches; from this Night
So ſhall ſuch ardour for the Public Good,
Such thirſt of Glory ſpring, that far around
Its bleſſings ſtretching, neighb'ring States ſhall ſtrive

To

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To emulate your deeds, and ſtand enroll'd
Confed'rates in your fame!——Austria ſhall rue
Her hour of inſult; and when bright array'd
In all the pomp of battle, ſhe returns
To puniſh your Revolt, Mongarten's hills,
(Which like Thermopylæ that ſaw o'erthrown
The mighty hoſt of Persia,) ſhall inſtruct
Th' aſtoniſh'd World, what Valour can achieve,
When Liberty and Juſtice are its prize——
Yes——at Mongarten's Paſs, the Muſe ſurveys
Your little Bands, firm as the Rocks they guard,
By you conducted, ſo appal the foe,
Tho' more than trebly trebling your account,
That all their routed Legions, pale with ſhame,
In terror fly before you——This Great Day
Confirms your glorious triumph, and that Peace
Austria ſhall ſhake no more!——Nor leſs in *Arms*
Than *Wiſdom* conqu'ring, well-digeſted Laws,

Temp'rance

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Temp'rance, and ſimpleſt Manners, ſhall invite
ALLIANCES ſo ſtrengthen'd, as ſhall give
Your ſelf-protected Regions a *new Name*,
And *new Exiſtence*; which, whilſt by your Sons
Kept uncorrupted, will, I truſt, endure
Long as your cloud-top'd mountains!——Unto you,
FIRST FOUNDERS of theſe bleſſings, ſhall be paid,
To lateſt times, in ev'ry grateful form,
Your Country's tribute;——The hiſtoric page
Shall chronicle your worth——And Sculptures rude,
With zeal-wrought Paintings, both inform and fire
Th' unletter'd mind!——Nay, ev'ry ſpot, where once
Ye met, or dwelt, ſhall Piety devote
To ſacred uſe, and dedicate to Heav'n!——

Thoſe value Freedom moſt, and guard it beſt,
Who bought it deareſt!—Then, ILLUSTRIOUS CHIEFS!
If in thoſe realms where virtuous ſpirits reſt

When

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When human toils are o'er, aught here below
Can give an added tranſport to your Joys,
Amidſt theſe honours of your native States,
For what your *Wiſdom* plann'd, your *Valour* won,
Deem not this tributary Verſe the leaſt,
Since it is offer'd by a BRITON's hand! ——

And now HYPERION with his ruddy cheeks
Roſe from his wat'ry bed, and to his car
Leaſh'd his ſwift ſteeds, impatient to begin
Their Courſe diurnal: while the opening light
Preceding like his Herald, ſhot its rays
O'er all the Eaſtern hills——The Village-Cock
Stretching his wings awakes the lab'ring Hind,
And ſtrutting round his cottage, loud proclaims,
With clarion ſhrill —— the Advent of the morn.——

THE

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THE

TABULA VOTIVA,

Occaſioned by a Viſit received from two young Ladies, while under Confinement with a ſwelled Eye.

WRITTEN AT GENEVA IN M.DCC.LVI.

THE ſharpneſs of the cutting BIZE,*
Too apt the human Frame to ſeize,
Which blowing o'er this beauteous LAKE,
Can each ſoft muſcle pris'ner take,
Had ſo clos'd up AMYNTOR's eye,
He ſcarce could any object ſpy;

* The North Eaſt Wind, ſo called there.

A cambric

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A cambric handkerchief around
The weak ſide of his head was bound;
Like JUSTICE, whom we often find
By Artiſts painted as half blind.——
Three days he breath'd the chamber air,
And idled in his elbow chair;
Nay e'en the fourth had done the ſame,
But that to RUMOUR's Ears it came,
Who whiſper'd it around the town,
Till 'twas a ſerious matter grown;
Enlarging as ſhe went about,
Firſt 'twas *one* eye,——then *both* were out.——

But, Reader, let me here expreſs
My wiſh a little to digreſs,
That I may paint this Goſſip, RUMOUR,
Offſpring of *Miſchief* and *Ill-Humour*;

Of

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Of Truth regardleſs, none ſhe'll ſpare,
But ſpreads her Falſhoods ev'ry where.
Drop but a hint, ſhe forms a Tale,
And with it inſtantly ſets ſail;
In *circulation* ſwift it flies,
Indors'd by fifty other Lies.——
Now at the CHANGE her ſtand ſhe takes,
There *groans*, and PUBLIC CREDIT ſhakes;
And e'er the impoſition's known,
The miſchief's done, the Beldame flown.——
Sometimes at ROUTS you'll ſee her flaunt,
A tawdry, ſharp-nos'd, *Maiden Aunt*;
Who ſteady to her lov'd vocation,
Whiſpers away a Reputation.
" So, Ma'am, you've heard, no doubt, Miſs [PRUE
" Is gone with COL'NEL you know who,
" Lord who'd have thought it!——but her Mo-
" Was, between friends, juſt ſuch another; [ther

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" Our Sex have loſt all ſhame, I think ;
" Poor Lady GRACE has ta'en to drink,
" Few will believe it, but *I* clearly
" Have ſeen it,——tho I *love her dearly.*——
" Pray, Madam, what do People ſay
" Of our griev'd friend, the *Widow* GRAY ?
" *I hear,* tho' broken-hearted reckon'd,
" Her *Footman's* talk'd of for her SECOND,"——
RUMOUR by turns all dreſſes tries,
Now ſplendid——now in mean diſguiſe ;
Beneath the latter ſhape, you'll meet
The Wand'rer oft in LONDON Street
As ragged as a RUSSIAN Bear,
With Ginſhop voice, and matted Hair,
Proclaiming, while her head ſhe louſes,
The King's Harangue to both the Houſes ;
Or bawling with more diſmal ſcreech
The TYBURN HERO'S *dying Speech*,

As

As how he clos'd his guilty life,
With the laſt letter ſent his wife.——
And this is She the ÆNEID ſings,
With fifty mouths, and fifty wings,
Who flew about, than wind much faſter,
To tell of DIDO's ſad Diſaſter.——

The TROJAN Horſe, as VIRGIL notes,
Was cramm'd with *Men* inſtead of *Oats*,
RUMOUR, like him, cannot digeſt
What is for common ſtomachs dreſt;
In her's, *freſh News* you ſtill muſt throw in,
To keep her mouth for ever going.——

AMYNTOR's Caſe now being known,
As we've remark'd, throughout the Town,
A Thought came into FANNY's mind,
A Thought benevolent and kind,

To bring with her her Sister KITTY,
And cheer his roof in gentle pity:
For sure great Condescension is it,
When the *Fair* make the *Blind* a visit!
GOOD NATURE had them by the hand,
And close behind, in social band,
The blooming GRACES debonair
Came tripping round this lively Pair.

And here again I might digress,
To sing their Beauty and Address,
Their polish'd Manners, and their Ease,
Sweet Power, and sweeter Wish, to please;
But I conceive 'twould better run,
If by a Simile 'twere done.
Thus, when the *Queen of Love*, and JUNO,
Who was a greater Queen as you know,

On

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On IDA's Top their Rival met
To ſee who could the *Pippin* get,
BEAUTY *There* won the Judge's eyes —
Here SENSE and BEAUTY ſhar'd the Prize.—

And now behold them with the Squire,
Sipping their tea beſide the fire,
With ſprightly wit, and cheerful joke
That livelieſt converſe could provoke.
No more AMYNTOR felt his Pain,
'Twas Eaſe, 'twas Joy return'd again:
The Eye diſdaining to be bound,
Impatient felt to peep around,
Like a good Fencer play'd its part,
And boldly puſh'd in TIERCE and QUART;
Its ardour made each fibre play,
Gave it new ſtrength to force its way,

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And exercis'd its pow'r ſo well
That down the cambric bandage fell;
Nor is it ſtrange,——for where's the Eye
That would be clos'd when Beauty's by?
Beauty can by its magic ſpell
The gath'ring Gloom of Life repel,
Its beams their radiant brightneſs dart,
And make each hov'ring ſhade depart.——

Thus PHOEBUS in a miſty morning,
Upon the Eaſtern Mountains yawning,
Juſt riſen out of THETIS' Bed,
Throws off his cap, and ſhakes his head;
His Eyes he rubs, his Arms he ſtretches,
Calls for his Nags and Leather Breeches;
NIGHT's Vapours all before him fly,
And well they know the reaſon why:

In

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In Proſe or Verſe Truth muſt be told,
This PHOEBUS is a Sportſman bold,
And hunts the Clouds throughout the Air
As Men on Earth hunt Fox and Hare. ——

The CURE PERFORM'D, what can I leſs
Than warmeſt Gratitude expreſs?
I would a *Votive Chaplet* twine
With Myrtle, and with Eglantine,
The vary'd Hyacinth ſo ſweet,
The Moſs-Roſe, and the Violet,
Which when arrang'd with Art and Grace,
I at theſe Ladies' feet would place;
But this I can't, and juſt the reaſon,
There's not a Flow'r as yet in ſeaſon:
Our circling ALPS ſtill hid in ſnow,
And bound in froſt the Vales below——

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What's to be done in ſuch a time?
I'll e'en relate my caſe in rhyme,
And tho' but little ſkill'd to write,
Tranſmit my Thanks in black and white;
And their kind Service to repay,
Theſe Lines upon their Toilet lay.——

The PILGRIM thus for mercies ſhewn,
His grateful ſentiments to own,
Journeys to ſeek the Altar, where
The Saint's inſhrin'd who heard his Pray'r;
With zeal ſuſpending at its ſide
(Where fifty other ſuch are ty'd)
A TABULA VOTIVA, that
Deſcribes his Story very pat;
Whence all who view it may confeſs
The Saint hath pow'r to *cure* and *bleſs*.

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AN ODE TO FRIENDSHIP;

INSCRIBED TO

JAMES BRUCE, Esq.

WRITTEN AT GENEVA IN M.DCC.LVI.

I.

E'EN let th' Ungrateful, and th' Unkind,
The Faithleſs Wretch, the Narrow Mind,
Enjoy their ſelfiſh Dream:
Far let them wander from my ſight,
They ne'er can reliſh what I write,
When FRIENDSHIP is my theme.

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II.

'Tis to a Heart like yours, that feels
Each joy its ſacred fire reveals,
I conſecrate theſe lines;
Benevolence alone can know
Its influence mild, that ſocial glow
Which ev'ry Senſe refines.

III.

In NATURE's wiſdom were we made
Dependent on each other's aid,
Life's pleaſures to improve;
Subject to Wants which Pity aſk,
Aſſign'd in turn that nobleſt taſk
Of cheering thoſe we love.

IV. Connected

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IV.

Connected by this mutual tye,
The World becomes one Family,
Doom'd the ſame Fate to know;
The gen'rous purpoſe ſwells the breaſt,
And he who makes a Brother bleſt,
Himſelf is doubly ſo.——

V.

Fairer than any fabled Maid
That breathes beneath poetic ſhade,
Or ſports in TEMPE's vale;
Grateful as is th' approach of Spring,
Who wafts each bleſſing on her wing,
Thrice lovely FRIENDSHIP hail!

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VI.

As Life's uncertain ways we tread,
Circled by Cares, with Dangers ſpread,
How ſweet thy ſoothing voice!
To guide the morning ſteps of Youth,
To fix them in the paths of Truth,
And point them Virtue's choice!

VII.

Nor leſs thy ſucc'ring hand we find
When noon-tide Paſſions ſhake the mind,
And give new Evils birth;
Or in the evening gloom of Age,
To calm its Woes, its Pains aſſuage,
And prop it to the earth!

VIII. Vain

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VIII.

Vain is each gift that Wealth can ſhow'r,
Cheerleſs and cold Love's myrtle bow'r,
By Thee, bright Nymph, unbleſt!
Tho' Fortune laviſh ev'ry joy,
If Thou art abſent, ſoon they cloy,
Midſt Splendor we're diſtreſt.

IX.

But, with Thee ev'ry walk is ſweet,
The public Haunt, the lone Retreat,
The mountain's rugged ſides;
Thy Sun-ſhine gladdens ev'ry ſcene,
Plays round the heart with ray ſerene,
And human pomp derides!

X. However

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X.

However humble be the ſpot
Where Deſtiny ſhall fix my lot,
My fig-tree, and my vine,
Would FRIENDSHIP make my roof her care,
And plant her envy'd bleſſings there,
I never ſhould repine.

XI.

Confiding in a choſen Few,
Calmly Life's bus'neſs I'd purſue,
And my good ſtars commend;
In pity ſighing for the Great,
Who 'midſt their luxury and ſtate
Scarce find a real Friend.

THE

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THE ADIEU:

Preſented to a young Lady at GENEVA, on her ſetting out to return to ENGLAND.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LVI.

AND is, alas! the parting hour at hand
That calls Thee Fair-one to thy native land?
Will this ſweet Lake, theſe Mountains charm no more?
Or keep Thee longer on a foreign ſhore?
Ah! no—this Lake, theſe Mountains plead in vain;
'Tis ENGLAND aſks Thee —— Why ſhould I complain?

True to that worth which long ſhall be rever'd,
I'll range theſe ſcenes thy preſence ſo endear'd;

Recall

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Recall thoſe jocund hours of ſocial mirth
That gave to Pleaſure, gave to Friendſhip birth;
Too ſoon they fled! too ſtrongly leave behind
Their fond remembrance to diſtreſs the mind!

Oft ſtill ſhall Fancy meet Thee in our walk,
In the cool breeze ſtill liſten to thy talk,
And roving penſive the imbow'ring ſhade,
Half hope to find Thee, thou excelling Maid:
Alas! our wonted walk no more will pleaſe,
The ſhade imbow'ring, or the cooling breeze!——

Thus, when ſome gallant Veſſel to the gale
Leaving the Port, unfurls each ſwelling ſail,
The Merchant views her, leſs'ning as ſhe flies,
Till loſt in Miſt ſhe mocks his aking eyes:
Nor even then can end his anxious Care,
His Hope, his Int'reſts—nay—his All is there!

VERSES,

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VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY VISITING IN 1756,

A ſmall CHAPEL on the LAKE of LUCERN, in the Canton of URI,

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE FAMOUS

WILLIAM TELL.*

WHILE Flatt'ry's hand adorns the ſwelling Dome,
Inſcribes the riſing Column's trophy'd baſe,
Or titles ſtrips from proſtituted ROME,
To deck ſome wretch, the ſcandal of his race;
The

* As this perſonage may not be recollected by every reader, it may not be improper to obſerve, that though he was not one of the *Three diſtinguiſhed Characters* who firſt planned the Liberty of SWITZERLAND, yet he had an active part in that Revolution.—TELL having given ſome ſlight offence

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The lowlieſt Roof that Piety can rear,
The humbleſt Turf o'er Virtue's cold remains,
To Contemplation's eye more fair appear
Than all the wonders of EGYPTIAN plains.

I ſhun the Pile that Tyrants aſhes keeps,
Its ſplendor ne'er can tempt my lonely way;
Amid theſe peaceful ſcenes, theſe rugged ſteeps,
Theſe ſky-topp'd rocks, with more delight I ſtray.

Eager I ſeek this Structure, yet unprais'd,
Which all LUCERNO's ſubject LAKE commands;
Of ſimpleſt form, a rude memorial rais'd,
Not by ambitious, but by grateful hands.

offence to GESSLER, the governor of URI, GESSLER, in the wantonneſs of tyranny, ſentenced TELL, who was accounted a moſt expert Archer, to ſhoot off an Apple placed on his Son's head.—This he effected, without hurting the child; but exaſperated at the cruelty of the command, from that moment openly renounced the Governor's authority; and joining the other Confederates, became effectively the means of accelerating this important event.

To

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To TELL 'twas rear'd, whoſe Country was his pride,
Who join'd thoſe Bands which made that Country free;
Renounc'd Oppreſſion's yoke, and boldly cry'd
"Spurn it, my zealous followers, like me."

What tho' no looks (ſome daring Artiſt's boaſt)
In PARIAN Stone thy anxious mind confeſs,
No ſculptur'd Infant fills the dang'rous poſt,
And eyes a Father's terror and diſtreſs:

Yet in rude Painting is thy Story told,
Thy firmneſs regiſter'd on faithful wails;
While thoſe who feel its bleſſings, here behold
A Tale, that all their gratitude recalls.

Yes, ſhade renown'd! while Freedom boaſts a name,
HELVETIA's Bards ſhall bid thy laurels bloom;
Atteſting nations pay the debt of Fame,
And leave to Kings the pageant of a Tomb!

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And should at length, beneath some Tyrant's feet,
Thy Country's freedom with thy mem'ry die,
From perish'd annals urge thy bold Appeal,
And claim a nobler record in the sky.

THE

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THE TWO FLIES.

A FABLE.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LVII.

'TWAS at an ancient rural ſeat,
A country-gentleman's retreat,
The uſual hour when dinner ends,
And people toaſt their abſent friends.
In a large Hall of antique ſtate
The Family aſſembled ſat,
Round which was ſeen on ev'ry ſide,
Of Birth and Heraldry the pride;

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Old Anceſtors in order hung,
And Coats of Arms between them ſtrung,
With branching Horns from ſpace to ſpace,
The ſpoils of many a weary Chace.——
The cloth was mov'd, the grace was ſaid,
And on the old oak-table ſpread
Such fruits as Summer-months produce,
With ſweetmeats both for ſhow and uſe;
Or, to deſcribe in terms of Art,
Was cover'd with a nice *Deſſert:*
While all in chat the time beguile,
The 'Squire roars, the Ladies ſmile,
The joke goes round, the glaſſes ring
To *Liberty*, and *Church and King*.

Two FLIES extravagantly gay,
The idle beings of a day,

A falſe

A falſe philoſophy purſu'd,
That *Pleaſure* was the *ſov'reign Good*,
A doctrine which in days of yore
A certain GREEK had taught before.
Each hour their ſcene of life they chang'd,
New gardens, fields, and meadows rang'd,
Of ev'ry flow'r enjoy'd the bloom,
And wanton'd in the rich perfume.
Luxurious oft they would repoſe
On the ſoft foliage of the Roſe,
Or in the morn the dew-drops ſup
From the ſweet Lily's ſilver cup;
Nay, dar'd the fragrant odour ſeek
Of STELLA's lip, or STELLA's cheek:
Nor would one ſingle wiſh reſtrain
Their *ſummum Bonum* to attain.——

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Fortune, or Fate, decreed this way
Our young Adventurers ſhould ſtray;
Who marking ſuch delicious cheer,
Reſolv'd to fix their quarters here;
Down on the table they alight,
Indulge their taſte, and feaſt their ſight;
With haſty ſtep they walk about
The ſcented Melon's rugged coat,
Each glaſs they ſipp'd, each plate they try'd,
Then pierc'd the Peach's velvet ſide;
Nor Cherry, Fig, or juicy Grape
Could their inſatiate touch eſcape.
At length, upon a little jar
Of floating Sweetmeats, from afar,
Their eyes they threw, and round the rim
In many a circling eddy ſkim;
Now bolder on the border dance,
And ſpite of Danger ſtill advance:

"Th'

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" Th' Occaſion was not to be loſt,"
The foremoſt cry'd, " whate'er it coſt ;
And letting ev'ry Paſſion looſe,
He plung'd into the tempting juice.——
The moral Muſe muſt tell the reſt,
The tempting juice receiv'd its gueſt
With glew'd Embraces——ſuch as prove
The force of Falſhood——not of Love!——

There is a time when all things cloy!
There's e'en Satiety in Joy!——
Now fully gorg'd with his repaſt,
He found his feet were fetter'd faſt,
He ſtrove the margin to regain,
But ev'ry wiſh and hope was vain ;
With new collected ſtrength he ſprings,
The clammy matter binds his wings,

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Till ſuffocated, clogg'd, and preſt,
His wanton Friend he thus addreſt:

" Withdraw, my brother, e'er too late,
" And happier thou, remark my fate;
" Doom'd here, my Error to deplore,
" And from this lake to riſe no more.
" Sorrow ſhall travel at his ſide,
" Who makes not *Temperance* his guide!
" Struck with my crime, I here abjure
" The ſyſtem falſe of EPICURE;
" Go, preach it down, and render wiſe
" The antient *Commonwealth of Flies.*"

He ſaid;—the Syrup choak'd the reſt;
Then ſwelling with a ſigh his breaſt,
He mutter'd ſomewhat of a pray'r,
But all was *buz*, and loſt in air;

And

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And ſinking, ſought thoſe ſhades below
Where Flies and other Inſects go.——

So he who rolls on *Pleaſure's* bed,
And with her garland crowns his head,
Slave to her faſcinating power,
Still ſhuns *Reflection's* ſober hour,
Who roams about new Joys to meet,
And greedy taſtes of *ev'ry ſweet*;
Paſt as a dream his life ſhall find,
Leaving no virtuous trace behind,
And like our *diſſipated Fly*,
The victim of his Folly——die!——

EPILOGUE

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EPILOGUE,

Spoken at the Theatre-Royal in DRURY-LANE, 1758, by Miſs PRITCHARD,

In the Character of the

FRENCHIFIED LADY.

BOLDLY to laſh the Vices of the Age
The Comic Muſe advent'rous treads the ſtage,
She ev'ry crime that injures Virtue's cauſe
In colours ſtrong with daring pencil draws,
And to the World holds her impartial Glaſs,
That all may ſee their Follies as they paſs.

But yet 'tis ſomewhat hard our Bard to night
'Gainſt one SICILIAN dame ſhould vent his ſpite,
Becauſe

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Becauſe (poor thing!) ſhe thought the FRENCH alone
Had the *true Taſte*, and ap'd it for *her own*,
Since there's an iſland you will all agree,
That *mimics them* much more than SICILY;
That with this Paſſion ſtains its rip'ning fame,
And far more juſtly might his Satire claim.

In former times fair ENGLAND would have ſcorn'd
Thoſe ſons ſhe ſaw in *foreign* robes adorn'd:
Our manners were *our own*; a hardy Race,
We built no Praiſe on tinſel, or on lace,
Too proud in faſhions *Frenchmen* to obey,
Form'd for *Originals* as well as they!
Slave to a mode is no free BRITON's part;
For *Imitation* is a ſervile art!——
In vain th' affected nod——the Nonchalance,——
The ſnuff-box op'd with taſte——the airy dance——

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The ſhrug—the cringe—the ſmall-talk—the grimace,
Or all th' unmeaning tortures of the face.
The BRITON maſk——thro' each diſguiſe he wears
The plain, the downright *Iſlander* appears;
And like the Aſs by learned ÆSOP ſhewn,
Seems to have got a *ſkin* that's not *his own*.——

When CARTHAGE ſtood in pride of Arms elate,
The haughty Rival of the ROMAN State,
Think ye that ROMAN Youths, and ROMAN Maids
Wore CARTHAGENIAN ribband and brocades?
No—"down with CARTHAGE, and her arts!" they cry'd;
And weaken'd CARTHAGE totter'd, ſunk and dy'd!

NETLEY

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NETLEY ABBEY.

AN ELEGY.

Horrendum Sylvis et Relligione Parentum.
Virgil.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR
M.DCC.LXIV.

ENLARGED AND REPRINTED IN
M.DCC.LXIX.

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TO

JOHN HOADLY, LL. D. &c.

THIS POEM

(The Subject of which adorns the Neighbourhood of his Rectory of SAINT MARY'S, SOUTHAMPTON)

Is with ſingular Propriety,

As well as particular Eſteem,

Inſcribed

By his affectionate Friend,

The Author.

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A SHORT ACCOUNT OF NETLEY ABBEY.

AS *Hampſhire* is one of the ſeveral *Engliſh* counties, of which, as yet, no general hiſtory has been written (though the city, college, and cathedral of WINCHESTER, as well as a few other conſpicuous ſituations, have found employment for ſeveral able pens,) a ſhort account of the venerable Piece of Anti-

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tiquity, which gave rise to the following Poem, may not prove unacceptable to the reader.

Few, indeed, are the materials by the assistance of which it is compiled; and the little merit it may be allowed to claim, is that of having collected some scattered particulars together, separating as much as possible the fabulous and historical traditions concerning its fate, since the general dissolution of religious houses in this kingdom. The task, inconsiderable as it may be, is at least, I hope, performed with fidelity; and every one acquainted with the place, will wish, like the Author, that more ample records of it had been extant. Buck has engraved a view of its ruins, though,

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though, I think, not ſo accurately as he has executed others.——The Frontiſpiece to this Poem is faithfully taken on the ſpot, from the eaſt end of the Abbey; a point of view, in which it makes the moſt picturesque appearance.

The remains of NETLEY, or rather LETTELEY ABBEY (though it paſſes at preſent by the former of theſe names) are ſituated in the pariſh of *Hound**, on the eaſtern ſide of the SOUTHAMPTON river, between that town and CALSHOT Caſtle. In the year 1239 † king HENRY III. founded it as a monaſtery for CISTERCIAN ‡ Monks from BEAU-

* Vide *Elton's* Liber Valorum.
† Annal. *Waverley* and Annal. *Parcoluds* MS.
‡ Not *Auguſtin* Friars, as *Speed*.

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also*, and commended it (says TANNER) to the patronage of SAINT MARY and SAINT EDWARD. That it was first dedicated to the former of these, is sufficiently plain from the charter of king HENRY; but that it was at any time consecrated to the latter, still remains to be proved. The words of the king's charter run thus, *Confirma-*

* Annal. *Parcolude* MS. BEAULIEU (*sive de Bello Loco*) was founded by king JOHN, in the fifth year of his reign, for CISTERCIANS. He had treated the order before in that neighbourhood with the utmost cruelty, commanding his cavalry to trample their persons under foot; but being terrified by visions, and prevailed on by those about him, he made them this short-lived Atonement; for soon after repenting of his generosity, he renewed his former severities, and persecuted them to Extermination. Vid. *Monastic.* Tom. I.

mus

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nus Deo et Ecclesiæ SANCTÆ MARIÆ *de Loco* SANCTI EDWARDI; which implies no more than a grant to saint Mary's chapel at *Edwardstow*, or *Saint Edward's Place*. It is not improbable (as LETTELEY had been enriched by donations previous to that of its last Founder) that some structure had been raised there before by EDWARD, or was consecrated to him, and that HENRY only renewed the foundation, as he afterwards rebuilt WESTMINSTER ABBEY, which (as this might have been) was the work of THE CONFESSOR, his favourite Saint. The Arms of the same EDWARD are still visible on some parts of the roof and walls of the chapel.

As this Abbey is distinguished by va-

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rious titles in the old records, &c. from which this ſcanty information concerning it is obtained—as NECTELEYE,* LETTELY,† EDWARDSTOW,‡ or *de Loco Sancti Edwardi juxta Southampton*, it is worth while to remark, that of theſe, the ſecond in order ſeems to be the name by which it paſſed in the

* *Nectheleye ſuper Mare.* Angl. ſacr. I. 505. *Locus Sancti Edwardi* quam Moderni *Natale* vocant. *Madox's* Exchequer, p. 469. *Natale*, MS. Tax Lincoln.

† Monaſt. Ang. and LELAND *De leto Loco.* Speed.

‡ GODWIN, in the Life of PETER DE RUPIBUS, Biſhop of WINCHESTER, whom he makes the Founder, as does LELAND, Collect. I. 69. He might intend, or did perhaps begin this Monaſtery, but died 5th July, 1238; and hence WEAVER makes this Biſhop PETER Founder of the Priory of EDWARDSTOW, in SUFFOLK.

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Founder's time, as LETTELEYE or LETTELEGE,* was one of the manors which were confirmed and ſettled on it, in the grant already mentioned. A daring Etymologiſt, however, might go yet farther back in ſearch of a juſtification for its preſent name of NETLEY; as CAMDEN informs us, that in the year 508 CERDIC, king of the *Weſt Saxons*, engaged the *Britons*, and conquered NATANLEOD their King, and from his name a tract of land reaching to the ſite of this place, was ſo called. It is, however, more probable that the King's name was NATAN or NATA, which by the

* It is not mentioned, in either Charter, by the name of *Letteley*, though it is ſo called in the title to that of *Henry* III.

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addition of *leod (Saxon) i. e.* country, ſignifies the tract or country of NATAN. But this is only conjecture.

Sir WILLIAM DUGDALE, who has preſerved the charter of HENRY III. dated in the 25th year of his reign (A. D. 1251,) has given with it a ſubſequent grant from JOHN DE WARENNA Earl of SURRY in 1252, confirming a former one of ROGER DE CLARE, originally made in 1242, which was nine years antecedent to that of the King, in whoſe particular grant many former ones ſeem to have been included.* The firſt grant from ROGER DE CLARE coſt

* ——ſicut Cartæ Donatorum, quas inde habent, rationabiliter teſtantur, Cart. Hen. III.

the

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the Abbey 300 marks ſterling, and the ratification of it from JOHN DE WARENNA, 20 more. About the time of the general Diſſolution of religious Houſes, there were in the Monaſtery an Abbot and twelve Monks,* whoſe poſſeſſions were then valued at 100*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* *per Annum*, DUGDALE; 160*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* ½. SPEED. The ſite is ſaid to have been granted 28th of HENRY VIII. to Sir WILLIAM PAULET.

The next information I receive, is from an interleaved almanac † for the year

* MS. Corp. Chriſt. Coll. Cant.

† This almanac (with a cabinet of medals, and other trinkets) deſcended to the author by inheritance. *Frances*, the ſecond daughter of *Charles*

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year 1665, formerly belonging to Lady FRANCES DUCIE, only daughter to FRANCIS Lord SEYMOUR, Baron of TROUBRIDGE, the third grandſon to the old *Earl of* HERTFORD, who married CATHARINE GREY, on whoſe account he was impriſoned nine years in the Tower. By one of ſeveral memorandums which that Lady had made, it appears that NETLEY was anciently a ſeat of this nobleman, *at whoſe particular deſire the ſaid* FRANCIS *Lord* SEYMOUR'S *firſt Wife lay-in there, of* Charles *Lord* SEYMOUR, *ſecond Baron of* TROUBRIDGE, *Lady* DUCIE'S brother, *who was chriſtened in the chapel of that houſe*; which was ſtill preſerved, and ſet apart

CHARLES Lord SEYMOUR, mentioned in the memorandum, being married to Sir GEORGE HUNGERFORD, his great grandfather.

for

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for ſacred purpoſes. In the ſixth year of EDWARD VI. when the *Earl of* HERTFORD was about 13 years of age, there paſſed an act which gave to the crown moſt of his dignities and lands, eſpecially all ſuch as were purchaſed by the duke his father after 32d HENRY VIII. when by a private act the lands, by him ſo purchaſed, were ſettled on the iſſue of his ſecond marriage. It is not, therefore, unlikely that NETLEY, and the eſtate about it, might have been one of the appendages to the *Earldom of* HERTFORD, or *Barony of* BEAUCHAMP; both of which (after he had been deprived of his honours, *&c.*) were conferred on him by Queen ELIZABETH, in the firſt year of her reign, two days before her

corona-

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coronation. At ſuch a diſtance of time, it is become impoſſible, with any degree of certainty, to account for the means by which eſtates ſo often changed their poſſeſſors; as many of the ſmaller channels, through which ſucceſſion naturally devolved, or was by force diverted, are cloſed by time. Under ſuch diſadvantages, could the ſearch be revived, we ſhould remember the taſk muſt be more often undertaken in obedience to the caprice of fruitleſs curioſity, than executed to the ſatisfaction of rational enquiry.

What is hitherto mentioned on various authorities (which the reader will find particularized at the bottom of theſe pages) as to the antiquity,

Founder,

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Founder, &c. of LETTELEY Abbey, is all that can be depended on as truth. WILLIS, indeed, (who, like his brother antiquarian PECK, was poſſeſſed of a happy credulity) has crowded a page or two in his *Hiſtory of Mitred Abbies*, with every circumſtance of every old woman's ſtory he could meet with; but ſince the period already ſpoken of, we find no authentic anecdote that might ſerve the purpoſe of an enquirer into the ancient hiſtory of the place, except from a MS. note to a copy of the firſt edition of TANNER's *Notitia Monaſtica*; which ſays, that the manor of *North Wigh*, *Oxon*, was held of NETTLEY Abbey at its diſſolution; and that it had ſome poſſeſſions in the county of *Lincoln*,

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Lincoln, as appears by the underwritten extract from BLOUNT's *Ancient Tenures*, page 64 *.

For all that can be ſuperadded, we are ſcarcely indebted to a record more faithful than that of common tradition; and the moſt that can be collected even from thence, is, that the Abbey has deſcended through the hands of various owners of various ranks, ſects, and pro-

* Abbas de *Neteſe* tenet in *Scargerthorp*, *Bekingham*, and *Sutton* in com. *Lincoln*, quoddam manerium cum pertin. quod habet de dono *Walteri de Burgo* qui illud tenuit de domino rege in capite, per ſervitium reddendi domino regi unam capellam lineatam de ſyndone, et unum par calcarium deauratorum pro omni ſervitio. *i. e. a head-piece lined with ſyndon or fine linen, and a pair of gilt ſpurs.*

Pla. de libertat. & quo War. 9 E. 1. *Lincoln.*

ſeſſions,

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ſeſſions, and bears the marks of the ſeveral depredations of them all. A PURITAN, in the reign of JAMES I. (no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his ſordidneſs of diſpoſition, than ſeverity of manners) is ſaid to have defaced many of its ornaments, and to have intended the demolition of the whole; but while he was giving orders to his workmen, was cruſhed to death by the fall of part of the building. The heap of ſtones under which he is ſuppoſed to lie buried, is ſtill pretended to be ſhewn. Superſtition made its proper uſe of this Fable, and was very probably the means of protecting the Fabric, till ſome earl of HUNTINGDON (at what exact period is uncertain, though we

can

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can account for the connection between the HUNTINGDON and the SEYMOUR families) fitted it up for a place of residence, and defecrated the whole, by converting part of the chapel into a kitchen, and other offices. In this ſtate (though in what hands we know not) the Abbey might continue till about the year 1700, when Sir BARTLET LUCY, the owner, diſpoſed of ſuch a part of the materials, by contract, to Maſons, Plumbers, Carpenters, &c. as they could carry away in a limited time. Theſe people are ſaid, by the neighbours, to have been viſited by judgements, proportioned to the different degrees of their imagined ſacrilege. After this, the right of poſſeſſion devolved

to

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to HENRY CLIFT, Eſquire, from whom the late Mr. DUMMER made the purchaſe.

That ſo little ſhould be known of thoſe who were in ſucceſſion, maſters of a place like this, will not appear unaccountable to him, who conſiders that the owner of an eſtate is the only perſon poſſeſſed of its credentials, or immediately concerned in the preſervation of its records. Thoſe to whom hereditary tenures deſcend, are not often ſolicitous about more than their value, ſitting down to enjoy them with neither the power to extend a ſearch into remoter ages themſelves, or a wiſh to promote enquiries after the number or quality of their predeceſſors. So eaſily is that

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permitted to be forgotten, which no lucrative views engage us to redeem from obſcurity. The pride of families is not always the beſt ſecurity for the faithfulneſs of genealogical deductions. Greatneſs is leſs ready to diſcloſe the ſources from whence its riches flow, than to ſwallow their ſtreams; and titles of ſplendor, in a pedigree, too often bluſh at their approximation to provident ingenuity, or ſucceſsful trade. Hence it happens, that in the oſtentatious accounts of families, none but thoſe whoſe names can confer honour in their turn, are admitted to a place; as in contracted maps the little villages are paſſed over, and the road appears to conduct the traveller only through a

ſeries

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ſeries of market towns, and cities of extent and fame.

The ſituation of NETLEY ABBEY is ſuch as would naturally have been choſen by thoſe who wiſhed at once for ſolitude and convenience. The abbey lands were its boundaries on all ſides; and the SOUTHAMPTON river ſupplied it with many neceſſaries, at the ſame time as it leſſened the frequency of communication with the buſy part of the world. The ſpot where it ſtands is almoſt ſurrounded with beautiful woods, which ſlope gradually to the edge of the ſea; and its proſpects, both by land and water, are equally extenſive and delightful. There are ſtill viſible, at ſome diſtance from the building, large

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mounds, which were thrown up as heads to ponds, calculated for the preſervation of fiſh, and as reſervoirs for freſh water. The form of part of the moat is preſerved, though that of the whole ſtructure cannot be ſo exactly aſcertained. The chapel (like almoſt all others of the ſame age) was built in the form of a croſs, having a nave, and ſide iſles, with others interſecting them between that and the choir. Its higheſt pinnacles are ſaid to have been formerly ſea-marks; but at preſent no remains of them are diſcoverable. The form of the Refectory and kitchen are yet preſerved.

Before I cloſe this introduction, I cannot but remark how natural it is for thoſe

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thoſe who have fixed on any ſubject, which is in itſelf local and unimportant, to offer previouſly ſome account of it, ſuch as may tend to elevate it into conſequence, or force it into obſervation. Of this neceſſity every one in ſimilar circumſtances is too well convinced; for the ſame object that ſeemed pregnant with many pleaſing ideas to the writer, may be ſo treated as to prove barren of entertainment to the reader; and the moment of enthuſiaſm is more often incident to the inadvertent writer, than the ſober critic. The author, who now abides the preſent cenſure, may be thought too preſumptuous in offering an apology for that which may prove too inconſidera-

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ble to intitle itſelf even to the reprehenſion of the public.

If, however, this little poem (which was firſt publiſhed in 1764) has received conſiderable alterations and additions, the author begs it may be underſtood that neither the one, nor the other, were made ſo much in conſequence of any ſuppoſed merit of its own, as from a wiſh to preſerve the memory of an ancient ruin, which has alternately ſuffered from weather, and the ill taſte of its owners, to ſuch a degree, that they who ſeek it a few years hence, may find it only in the following ſlight deſcription of its ſituation and beauty.

NETLEY

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NETLEY ABBEY.

AN ELEGY.

A Halcyon Calm has lull'd the wat'ry plain,
Th' unmoving canvaſs flags beſide the Maſt,
The gliding Bark ſcarce cleaves th' unruffled Main,
Tho' fond Impatience bids each Zephyr haſte.——

Such Stillneſs yields the gen'ral hour of reſt;
Such peaceful waftage to the Saint is giv'n,
When, from Life's tumults haſt'ning to be bleſt,
He meets the ſmile of unoffended Heav'n!

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Now light upſprings the breeze, the ſails unfold,
The ready Crew the fav'ring gale improve,
The Sun-bright Current flames with waving gold,
And each broad ſhore and foreſt ſeems to move.

I hail at laſt theſe Shades, this well-known Wood,
That ſkirts with verdant ſlope the barren ſtrand,
Where NETLEY's Ruins, bord'ring on the flood,
Forlorn in melancholy Greatneſs ſtand.

How chang'd, alas! from that rever'd abode
Grac'd by proud Majeſty in ancient days,
When Monks recluſe theſe ſacred pavements trod,
And taught th' unletter'd World its MAKER's praiſe!

Now ſunk, deſerted, and with weeds o'ergrown,
Yon proſtrate walls their harder fate bewail;
Low on the ground their topmoſt Spires are thrown,
Once friendly Marks to guide the wand'ring Sail.

The

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The ivy now with rude luxuriance bends
Its tangled foliage through the cloiſter'd ſpace,
O'er the green Window's mould'ring height aſcends,
And fondly claſps it with a laſt embrace.

Where burn the gorgeous Altar's laſting fires?
Where frowns the dreadful Sanctuary now?
No more Religion's awful flame aſpires!
No more th' Aſylum guards the fated brow!

No more ſhall Charity, with ſparkling eyes
And ſmiles of Welcome, wide unfold the door,
Where Pity liſt'ning ſtill to Nature's cries,
Befriends the Wretched, and relieves the Poor!

No more theſe hoary Wilds, theſe dark'ning Groves,
To vocal Bands return the note of praiſe,
Whoſe Chiefs (as ſlow their long proceſſion moves)
On the rear'd Croſs with adoration gaze!——

And

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And while to neighb'ring waves, th' unwonted ſhow,
Each parting bough, and op'ning glade reveals,
The awe-ſtruck Sailor checks the haſt'ning prow,
Suſpends his oar, and wonders what he feels.——

Thus muſing, oft I pace the moſs-grown Iſle,
Each low-brow'd Vault, each dark Receſs explore,
While the bleak wind howls through the ſhatter'd Pile,
Or wave hoarſe-murm'ring breaks along the Shore.

No other ſounds, amid theſe Arches heard,
The death-like Silence of their Gloom moleſt,
Save, the ſhrill plaints of ſome unſocial Bird,
That ſeeks the houſe of Solitude to reſt.

Save, when their tinkling leaders to the ſhade
Of theſe cool grots, invite the fleecy Folds,
Where oft the fated Ox ſupinely laid
With lowing herds a diſtant converſe holds!

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Or where the Gothic pillar's ſlender form
(Unequal to th' incumbent quarry's weight)
Deſerts its poſt, and reeling to the ſtorm,
With ſullen craſh reſigns its charge to Fate.

While the ſelf-planted Oak, within confin'd,
(Auxiliar to the Tempeſt's wild uproar)
Its giant branches fluctuates to the Wind,
And rends the wall whoſe aid it courts no more.

Here too (Belief could old Tradition claim)
Where ſwells the rocky Mound in ſhapeleſs heaps,
(His Name now loſt, his Guilt divulg'd by Fame)
Some rude Diſmantler of this Abbey ſleeps.

Long, long in thought the patient Earth he curs'd
That bore the Fabric's then unbroken Spires;
Long wiſh'd the pow'r to bid Volcanos burſt,
Or call from Heav'n thought-executing fires.

" Wide

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" Wide wave (he cry'd) all bright with golden Grain
" The neighbring vales, while this proud cumbrous [Maſs
" For many a barren furlong chills the plain,
" And draws with idle zeal the Crowds that paſs:

" No more the Vot'ries of each time-ſhook pile,
" As Ruin's heirs, ſhall call theſe ſhades their own;
" For blazon'd Arms explore the pageant Iſle,
" Or ſearch dark regiſters of faithleſs ſtone."

He ſpoke—reſolv'd.—The menac'd Arches frown'd,
The conſcious walls in ſudden Conflict join'd,
Cruſh'd the pale Wretch in one promiſcuous wound,
And left this Monument of Wrath behind.——

Scenes ſuch as theſe, with ſalutary change,
O'er flatt'ring Life their melancholy caſt;
Teach the free thoughts on wings of air to range,
O'erlook the preſent, and recall the paſt!——

Here

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Here pious Beadſmen, from the world retir'd,
In bliſsful viſions wing'd their ſouls to Heav'n;
While future joys their ſober tranſports fir'd,
They wept their erring days, and were forgiv'n.

Their blameleſs Race ſucceeding, in theſe Cells
Ere Death impos'd the leſſon, learn'd to die;
Alike forgot, no rais'd memorial tells
In which lone ſpot their kindred Aſhes lie!

Mute is the matin Bell, whoſe early call
Warn'd the grey Fathers from their humble beds;
No midnight Taper gleams along the wall,
Or round the ſculptur'd Saint its radiance ſheds!

No Martyr's Shrine its high-wrought gold diſplays
To bid the wond'ring Zealot hither roam;
No Relick here the Pilgrim's toil o'erpays,
And cheers his footſteps to a diſtant home!——

Still

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Still Twilight now its ſhade advancing throws,
Faint in the Weſt the Day's laſt bluſh is ſeen;
On Night's dim Front the Star of Ev'ning glows,
And gilds with diſtant Beams the ſolemn ſcene.

Illuſion now re-peoples all the Void,
From Death recalls the venerable Train
(Whoſe thoughts no more Earth's trivial cares employ'd)
To tread their ancient Bounds, and weep again.

Swift as her wiſh th' embody'd Shades appear,
O'er paths much chang'd with doubtful ſtep they walk;
Each eye rolls faſt the viſionary tear,
And lift'ning Fancy thinks ſhe hears them talk.

"Say, rev'rend Forms, in Contemplation's hour,
"While Life ſerene its golden Current roll'd,
"Did no kind warning, no prophetic pow'r
"This ravag'd Manſion's future woes unfold?

"Did

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" Did ye ne'er think the page of Joy would close?
" Ne'er dread a Royal Plund'rer's mighty hand?
" Your exil'd Order's yet unnumber'd woes,
" Their Name extinguish'd, and their Rites prophan'd?"

Silent they pass,——then fading like a dream,
To seek their lone unhonor'd Graves return;
Yet fleeting they bequeath a sigh, and seem
With me these violated Groves to mourn.——

Yon parted Roofs that nod aloft in air,
The threat'ning Battlement, the rifted Tow'r,
The Choir's loose fragments scatter'd round, declare,
Insulting Time, the Triumphs of thy pow'r!

Shall Man, unwarn'd, survey with prescient smile
Of long Futurity, the plann'd Abode?——
Vain Augur, turn!——behold where sinks the Pile
A Monarch rais'd in honour of his God!

Low

Low lies that ſceptred Founder's holy head,
Whoſe virtues bade theſe friendly walls aſcend;
Applauding Angels grac'd his dying bed,
And Hope's bright dawn roſe cloudleſs on his end!

Lamented Prince! — for Mercy's taſk he knew,
The reins of lengthen'd Empire gently ſway'd;
He rais'd the ſuppliant Tribe his Sire o'erthrew,
And round his Bier each grateful Convent pray'd.

Not ſo retir'd fell JOHN's indignant ſoul —
For him no vows the doom of Heav'n oppos'd;
Inſulted Prieſthood mix'd th' envenom'd Bowl,
And Death his eyes in howling anguiſh clos'd.

Unſteady Ruler of a nation's helm!
Long ſtruggling Freedom own'd thy hard Command;
Till fierce in arms thy BARONS ſhook the Realm,
And tore THE CHARTER from thy ling'ring hand!

Peace

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Peace guard their duſt!—their merits Glory crown!—
Too far their worth tranſports the roving Muſe,
Who kindles at the tale of old Renown,
Nor dares the Strain to Liberty refuſe.——

And now —— farewel, ye Walls, ye Roofs ſublime,
Ye length'ning Choirs, a venerable gloom!
And when, like you, your Poet bows to Time,
In yon dim Cloiſter yield his aſhes room!

His hopes ne'er roſe to emulate the Dead,
Whoſe dear-bought trophies crowd the venal Fane,
Where ſculptur'd MARS may wreath the Coward's head,
Or TRUTH's bright form o'er perjur'd duſt complain.

Midſt Life's gay Scenes your calm Retreats he lov'd,
Your wreſted pomp his artleſs numbers mourn——
Where led, by choice, his penſive footſteps rov'd,
May Friendſhip place, and you protect his urn!——

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Could aught yet more endear your circling Wood,
It is, ARDELIA! unconſtrain'd and free,
That here, reflecting on Life's ſum of good,
My breaſt firſt heav'd an anxious ſigh for Thee!

You too, YE FAIR, of neighb'ring ſcenes the grace
(Whoſe envy'd praiſe the Bard advent'rous ſeeks,)
Once deign to viſit this ſequeſter'd place,
Inſtruction's voice amidſt the Ruin ſpeaks!

Whence claim they praiſe, theſe piles which ſtrewn [on Earth
(A ſteril burthen) mock their former ſtate?
'Tis from remembrance of their youthful Worth;——
They once were beautiful!——they once were great!

Thoſe Charms alone ſurvive that deck the Heart,
Command reſpect which growing years increaſe,
Bloom when the Roſes from the Cheek depart,
And ebbing Life's tumultuous raptures ceaſe!

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Forgive the Muſe, if with preſumptuous love
She wooes your ears t'attend her moral Lay;
Leſt faithleſs to themſelves your pleaſures prove,
And uſeleſs time ſteal unimprov'd away!

For know, your boſoms feed a Flame as bright
As cheers a dying CATO's lateſt hour;
A youthful AMMON warms to lead the fight,
Or lights a JULIUS to the goal of pow'r!

Oh! truſt not then the force of radiant Eyes
Thoſe ſhort-liv'd glories of your ſportive band,——
Pleas'd with its Stars, though laughing Morn ariſe
A ſteadier beam Meridian Skies demand!

Reflect, ere (Victor of each lovely Frame)
TIME bids th' external, fleeting Graces fade,
'Tis Reaſon's Baſe ſupports the nobleſt Claim,
'Tis Senſe preſerves the Conqueſts Beauty made!

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A

PASTORAL BALLAD.

HOW wretched the Maiden who loves
A Shepherd unworthy her care!
From Fair-one, to Fair-one who roves,
And whoſe Promiſe is lighter than Air!

Such the Sorrows which poor PHILLIS knew,
Who COLIN too raſhly believ'd;
His aim was to triumph o'er you,
Ah! PHILLIS, unkindly deceiv'd!——

Beneath the dark Cypreſs ſhe lay,
And ſigh'd her Complaint to the Wind
"That her COLIN had wander'd away,
"And left her deſpairing behind."

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All cold, and ſtretch'd out in the ſhade
By the Virgins, pale PHILLIS was found;
And a ſcroll on her boſom was laid,
Declaring, that Love gave the wound.——

The Shepherds ſtill ſpeak of her Truth
As they point out her Grave with a ſigh,
And upbraid thy inconſtancy, Youth!
Who could ſuffer ſuch Beauty to die.

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EPILOGUE

TO THE

WONDER.

Spoken by VIOLANTE.

OUR Author made a moſt egregious Blunder,
And much preſum'd, to call this Play THE WONDER,
Becauſe a Woman would not to her Lover
The *Secret* ſhe was ſworn to keep, *diſcover*;
She, acting true to Character, conceal'd it;
The WONDER would have been had ſhe reveal'd it! ——
Is it not ſtrange that any one ſhould dare
To think ſuch *Firmneſs* in our Sex was rare? ——
Upon my life the Men are ſuch odd fellows,
They're even grown of *Female Virtues* jealous;

And

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And in their wiſe opinions ſeem t'agree
We hold them, like *Our Thirds*——by *Courteſy*.
Our humbler Genius never ought to ſoar;
Flirt, and coquet, we may, but — nothing more!——
Theſe *mighty Lords* come all ſo learn'd from College,
They grudge poor Us our little ſhare of Knowledge!—
Let them their TWO *dead Languages* ſtill boaſt,
We of our *living* ONE will make the moſt,
And ſhow them all, that we'll aſſert our Sway,
And know our *lawful Rights* as well as they——
Gallants! how ſcar'd you look——the caſe is clear,
You keep us ignorant becauſe you *fear*;
But for this Art of yours your boaſted Pow'rs
High as you rate them, ſoon would ſtoop to ours.
Go, ſearch in ancient, or in modern Story,
What Virtues have not ſtampt our Sex's Glory?
Bluſhing, you'll this aſſertion then believe,
No Deed ſo great a Woman can't achieve!——

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Ladies, ſince things are thus, take this advice,
Be in your choice of Men extremely nice;
They are ſo arrogant, and ſo untrue,
Truſt them no more than you're *oblig'd* to do:
Beſides, they are all ſo *curious*, they're for knowing,
Like my DON FELIX, every thing that's doing;
And tell a Secret to them, if they're Young,
At the next Tavern it flips off their tongue;
If Old, there's ſtill as little chance 'twill keep,
They doat, or doze, and blab it in their ſleep.

Caution'd by me, ye Fair, be this your plan,
Since there's no ſhunning that ſtrange Compound, Man,
Like VIOLANTE, even to a Lover
The Secret which he longs for, ne'er diſcover;
Be you but firmly fix'd in this, and ſhow it,
You'll find your Swain will die but he will know it.—

Never

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Never your Favors, or your Smiles diſpenſe
But to the Man of Worth, and Man of Senſe;
Keep the whole Race of Fools and Coxcombs under,
And we *muſt* reign, or ſhow —— A *Second* WONDER.

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THE

TEMPLE-STUDENT:

AN EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND,

Who had requeſted the Author's Opinion of a Poetical Compoſition.

I may ſafely affirme, that there is nothing herein, but may either open ſome Windowes of the Law, to let in more Light to the Student, by diligent Search to ſee the Secrets of the Law, or to move him to doubt.

COKE, LITT. lib. iii. cap. xiii ſect. 749.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LXV.

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ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THE annexed Poem was put into my hands by a gentleman who was adminiſtrator to the Author, and who communicated to me this ſhort account of him. That he was a Member of the TEMPLE, and had been predeſtined to the Bar by his Godfather, a *Bencher* of GRAY'S INN, from whom he

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he had conſiderable expectations; who though himſelf unſucceſsful in his Profeſſion, yet came to Town every TERM, to eat his Commons, and talk over law-caſes with his Contemporaries.——At his death he bequeathed his Godſon nothing but his *books*; and our Author's own parents dying while he was young, he fell under the care of an old maiden Aunt, who marrying afterwards *a Serjeant at law*, her head ran ſo much on the GREAT SEALS, that ſhe was ſure her Nephew could not fail of obtaining them.——After a fruitleſs attendance of *thirteen years* as a Barriſter, he retired into the North, on a ſmall income, and probably diſappointed; where being over perſuaded by a ſet of

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of Fox-hunters who had been his cronies at College, to partake of their diverſion, about two years ſince he broke his neck in taking a hollow way.——

Though he uſed to ſay that he looked on the great outlines of the ſtudy of the Law to be truly liberal, and entertained the higheſt reſpect for many of its Members, yet he was fond ſometimes of bantering the Profeſſion; but it was always with pleaſantry and good-humour, never *perſonal*; for he *deteſted* a laugh raiſed *at the expence* of another.——

By a memorandum found in his pocket-book, it appeared that in his *thirteen years* practice, he had ſigned *five ejectments*, twice *juſtified bail*, been *once* counſel

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counſel for a convict at WINCHESTER, opened *four anſwers in Chancery*, and confirmed *a Maſter's Report*; and that he had relinquiſhed the WESTERN CIRCUIT at the end of *eight* years, on finding himſelf annually *fourſcore pounds* out of pocket.

THE

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THE

TEMPLE-STUDENT:

AN EPISTLE.

DEAR Sir, your Poem was receiv'd,
And if a Friend may be believ'd,
In Verſe, (to ſpare a Proſe Narration,)
I'll ſay it met with approbation;
And gain'd ſuch praiſe as beſt was fitting
The taſte and manner it was writ in.
Flatt'ry ſhould alway ſtand aloof,
Nor e'er approach Affection's roof,

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Where Honeſty and Kindneſs dwell,
And Plainneſs ever wiſhing well.——
But why ſhould you my thoughts entice?
Or aſk of ME, good Sir, advice?
Advice! unleſs about receiving
The certain profits of your *Living*,
Your wrangling Pariſh how to tire,
Or ſubjugate the reſtive Squire.
No Lawyer ever loves digreſſion,
Or anſwers out of his Profeſſion.
Beſides, I've bid the ART good-night,
And vow'd I never more would write;
Have long ago each Bard forſook,
To read *the Comments* of Lord COKE,
And in my Study ſat me down,
To doze o'er ancient LITTLETON;
With PLOWDEN, FLETA, and old BRACTON,
For ſenſe their works benum'd to act on.——

Beſides,

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Beſides, it is not quite ſo prudent
To lure aſide a TEMPLE-STUDENT,
Who faſt each vagrant thought ſhould bind,
Eject the Muſes from his mind,
Nor let his *mortgag'd* thoughts engage
With Fancy's *alienating* page.
For *Evidence* agrees, that he
Who for a *Judgeſhip* puts to ſea,
Muſt ſtill with utmoſt caution clear
From the PARNASSIAN SYRENS ſteer,
Nor ſtop, his ſteady Courſe to alter,
At HELICON, to take in water;
But chief of all each wind implore,
To waft him from CYTHERA's ſhore;
Where *Doctors* oft, a hapleſs Band,
And ſhipwreck'd *Lawyers*, curſe the ſand!——
Thus while the ſtricter watch to keep,
Like PALINURUS, half aſleep,

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Each mutineer I strive to quiet,
That in my Ship might breed a riot,
You, with the magic of your pen,
Bid FANCY's gales arise again.

O! could I in some LONG VACATION
Slip from myself, and occupation,
Whilst in the pasture of my brain
A few short blades of sense remain,
Which LAW, that Beast, hath not yet eat on,
Or with foul *Trespass* set his feet on:
Again the baniſh'd NINE I'd sue,
And wreath one Chaplet more for YOU.
Your Friendſhip then in Verſe ſhould live;
The Muſe no ſweeter theme could give;
A Friendſhip ſpringing from the heart,
Not born of Int'reſt, nor of Art;

In

In numbers warmly bold, I'd raiſe
Some kind memorial to your praiſe;
Pleas'd, on your many Virtues dwell,
And paint that worth I love ſo well.

Thrice happy you, to whom belong
The pow'rs of Harmony and Song;
Who, when your long elm-walk in ſhade is,
Can court the NINE POETIC LADIES,
A favor'd Crony of them all,
They come obedient to your Call.
They ſhew their trinkets, ope their treaſures,
And round you dance in vary'd meaſures,
Still charm your ear with GRECIAN ſtory,
Or fire your ſoul with ROMAN glory.

Whilſt I am doom'd to tread a way
Where never Muſe was ſeen to ſtray,

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About a trackleſs Waſte to ride
Without a way-poſt, or a guide,
And yet oblig'd to move along,
Uncertain whether right or wrong.——
Come, DULNESS, drowſy-featur'd Fair,
Slide from the Juſtice elbow-chair,
And with thee bring ſuch pat expreſſions,
As thou retail'ſt at QUARTER SESSIONS,
When his grave *Worſhip* gives his *Charge*,
And paints the wicked world at large;
Or, when the QUORUM on the Bench
Are queſtioning ſome naughty Wench;
Or, when PROVINCIAL Council try
Their tiny wits in baſtardy,
Enquire about *before* and *after*,
And ſhake the clumſy Bench with laughter,
Then ſhrug, and nod, and wink, and leer,
To ſee if *country neighbours* hear;

No

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No longer there a triumph keep,
Or talk poor Jurymen asleep;
But hither bend thy steps of lead,
The conscious TEMPLE knows thy tread:
View the sad subject of my Cares,
Mark the dread load my table bears,
My papers search; and when you've done
Confess me LAW's devoted Son.
Condemn'd to toil o'er joyless books
Of TOM OF STILES and JOHN OF NOKES,
The diff'rent properties to see
Of *lands in* TAIL, and *lands in* FEE,
Or, by great dint of search discover
The doctrine of REMAINDERS OVER.
To note what title comes to A,
Expectant on the death of K,
Or, in default of Issue Male,
If C can enter in the TAIL;

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And if nor A, nor C have sons,
Whether the Donor's meaning runs
That P, and Q, his own RIGHT HEIRS,
Should then come in for equal shares.——
Next, I consult the various pow'rs
Of making GRANTS, and WILLS, and DOW'RS;
Learn how JOINT TENANTS hold together,
While those IN COMMON fall and sever.
Or else I turn, with genius plastic,
My eyes to Law *Ecclesiastic*;
Read all with which sage writers load us,
Of GLEBE, ADVOWSON, TITHE, and MODUS.
No *newly-instituted* Vicar
Could do this needful bus'ness quicker.
And, should inquiry grow more bold,
I take a peep at COPYHOLD;
Observe how *Fines* and *Fees* fall due,
And how his right *the Lord* must sue.

Nor

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Nor is all this the fiftieth part
Of what's to know and get by heart.——
And if you touch on SPECIAL PLEADING,
That's of itself an *awful Reading*.

But as a Bow that's always bent
Hath soon its force elastic spent;
So, left the over-burthen'd brain
(Which can't too great a weight sustain)
Should not so much tish food digest,
'Tis sometimes good to give it rest.
Quite jaded out, I march to MANDU's,
And look as grave as any man does,
Shake hands with friends I wish to see,
And take my sober pot of tea;
Touch the light topics of the day,
Ask for my letters?——What's the play?——

Or,

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Or, if I have already had 'em,
Lounge at the bar, be ſmart with Madam;
'Tis hot, 'tis cold, 'tis dirty weather,
With all ſuch ſmall-talk patch'd together,
As modern converſations teach,
And fix for ſtandard parts of ſpeech.——
A Coffee-houſe ſerves many uſes;
Deep *Politicians* it produces;
Supplies with *Critic Wits* the place,
As *Hockley* breeds the canine Race.
And is a general rendezvous
For telling, or for reading, News.——
The paper ſkim'd, my chat exhauſted,
By no freſh Comer-in accoſted;
I liſten to ſome STUDENT Poſſe,
Who ne'er was taught TEIPSUM NOSCE,
And yet in Modeſty's deſpite,
Are ſetting all *the Judges* right,

Re-arguing

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Re-arguing an hour, or more,
What two *wiſe Serjeants* ſaid before.
The box reſounds with LILLY'S ENTRIES,
LEVINZ,—CROKE JAMES,—and SECOND VENTRIS,——
STATUTE OF GLOUCESTER,—POLLEXFEN,—
POPHAM,—SIXTH MODERN, *Folio ten*,—
HALE,—DYER,—SALKELD,—BARNARDISTON,—
And twenty more whoſe names I've miſt on.
My head and ears confus'd, I find
One cannot *here* relax the Mind,
In vain ſhe ſtrives to ſlip her chains,
LAW, LAW, through all theſe regions reigns;
So back to Chambers I return,
More Patience, and more Law, to learn.

Now, gentle Friend, mark well my ſtation;
Is it not chequer'd with vexation?

Obſerve

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Obſerve how ev'ry vagrant thought
Within a narrow limit's brought,
Forbidden far from home to ſtray,
Leſt back it never find its way!
Freſh toil to toil muſt ſtill ſucceed,
As one plague does a ſecond breed!
And lo! another ſcene is dawning,
My Laundress' key announces morning.
Slow turning in the ruſty lock,
It marks Time, ſure as any clock;
With iron tongue it bids me riſe,
And drives all ſlumber from my eyes.
Unwilling from my bed I creep,
"Six hours (ſays Coke)'s enough for ſleep,"
'Till you're deep read, and then, mayhap,
You may indulge a longer nap.
The Learn'd oft nod, and ſhut their eyes
Like Owls, and thence are reckon'd wiſe!

Students

STUDENTS ſhould venerate their betters,
Nor murmur at ſuch legal fetters,
Should tread the paths chalk'd out by Sages
Who liv'd, and wrote in former ages;
Their maxims rigidly purſue:
Grey-bearded DICTUMS muſt be true!——

But ſoon *the Courts* will all be ſet,
An hour no STUDENT ſhould forget,
Vow'd to the Law, I would not chooſe
The ſmalleſt particle to loſe;
Tho' not ſo ſtrict as many men,
Who ev'ry *affidavit* pen,
And minute with the ſame deſire
Whate'er is ſaid from BENCH to CRYER.——
A breakfaſt firſt of *Law* I ſtuff in,
Then ſwallow quick my tea and muffin,

With

With *ink-horn* trim'd, and *quill* cut taper,
And *note-book* rul'd, and *blotting-paper*,
Looking as ſolemn as a Judge,
Thus arm'd, to WESTMINSTER I trudge:
Where fearleſs Front, with prating Spirit,
Oft fares as well as baſhful Merit,
Which here ſo little notice draws,
'Tis rarely Council in a Cauſe,
By moſt Attornies as unknown
As if it ne'er had worn a Gown.
Yet think not hence, he always bears
The Prize, who cudgels moſt our ears,
Or, that who aim to gain applauſe
By jeering o'er ill-ſtudy'd Laws
Succeſs inſure;——woe to that Day,
When *Sound* ſhall carry *Senſe* away;
No——ſhining *Genius* ſtill muſt riſe,
Rear'd by the *Public*'s ſoft'ring Eyes:

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By ſhining *Genius*, ſuch I mean
As ev'ry now and then *is* ſeen,
And, greatly ſoaring, puts to ſhame,
Each *petty Advocate* for Fame.
The Tide of Time, we daily note,
Can e'en the heavieſt Timber float;
Cumb'rous and ſlow, by many a jog,
At laſt ſteals on th' inactive log;
Compar'd to this, quick paſſing by,
All lighter bodies ſeem to fly;
They to the point they aim at bound,
Nor ever ſtick, or run aground.——
'Mongſt Men ſuch diff'rence *here* you ſee
As muſt confirm my Simile——
But hold——the MUSES muſt not ſport,
Or touch, *the Practice of the Court.*
No Suitor's claims are hence neglected,
The *Courſe of Law* no jot affected;

DULNESS'

DULNESS may prate, but ne'er prevail,
JUSTICE ſtill holds her ſteady ſcale,
Whoſe Beam can no falſe Weight obey,
Whilſt INDEPENDENT JUDGES ſway.

What ſanguine Hopes the STUDENT pleaſe
Of future *Cauſes*, future *Fees*,
As He aſcends *the Steps* where ſtand
With ſpruce comb'd *Wig*, and clear-ſtarch'd *Band*,
Small Groups of Advocates moſt pliant,
Peering about to find a Client,
Ready their Talents to apply,
Either in *Law* or *Equity*.
But if th' Experienc'd you believe,
E'en *legal* Hopes ſometimes deceive.
The GOLDEN SHOW'R within theſe Walls,
Like other Show'rs, oft *partial* falls;

Some

Some are well ſoak'd from Toe to Top,
Others ſcarce get a ſingle Drop.

Hail! Rev'rend Hall! full many a Race
Haſt thou beheld thy Pavements pace,
Who trod with Expectation here
Th' unvary'd Round from Year to Year!
Still blowing up their little Fire,
Still vex'd that they could get no higher,
How vain, how buſy, ſharp and buſtling!
The World, and one another juſtling!
Till by degrees they dropp'd unſeen,
And finiſh'd Life's contentious Scene!——
Where are the *knotty Points* they nibbled!
The *Reams of Paper* that they ſcribbled!
Where now the *angry Words* they ſputter'd!
Where the *wiſe Sayings* which they utter'd!

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Their TERM is o'er, their Toils forgotten!
They, and their Clients, long ſince rotten!
Whilſt THOU haſt ſtood the Storm of Years,
A manly Grace thy front yet wears!
Thy Sides their ancient Pride ſuſtain,
Tho' ſcarr'd with many a mouldy ſtain!
ANGELS thy GOTHIC Roof ſupport,
And ſpread their Wings o'er ev'ry Court,
One hence ſhould think all Suitors there
Of *heav'nly Beings* were the care!
Yet, Reader, be it underſtood,
Our Guardian ANGELS are but *Wood*;
Unmov'd they gaze on all below,
And nothing of what's doing know:
Clients in vain their Aid invoke,
They're form'd of toughest *Iriſh Oak*,
Which as the Nat'raliſt confeſſes,
This wiſh'd-for Property poſſeſſes,

That

That greatly must to all endear them,
No *noxious Vermin* dare come near them.
ANGELS *in Grain!* had ye the Pow'r
To drop this Virtue on *the Floor*,
It henceforth never would be pac'd
By those who have its Stones disgrac'd,
Attornies lost to Shame and Awe,
Who *spin* and *wind* the *Web of Law*,
Would want a Place whereon *to fix*,
And play their Artful, *Spider* Tricks.
No more to rouze the good Man's Spleen,
Would on this Pavement *there* be seen,
The sallow, parchment-visag'd Jaw,
Coming *to give the Devil his Due*,
Himself just ransom'd from a Jail,
Off'ring to *justify for Bail*.
Whilst Falsehood darkens more his looks,
Dauntless he kisses MOSES' Books,

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And tho' in fact not worth *five Pounds*,
Vows that in *Hundreds* he abounds;
Already *Bail* in twenty Suits,
Each Accuſation he refutes,
And dreſt in *tawdrieſt Decay*,
Would ſwear a Regiſtry away.

Riſe from the *bottom of your Well*,
Sweet TRUTH, where Poets ſay you dwell;
Tho' chill'd, and dripping wet, come here
Rogues only your dread Preſence fear:
O'er ev'ry Court your influence ſtretch,
And brand with Shame, the perjur'd Wretch,
Whoſe harden'd proſtituted Mind,
Nor *you* can move, nor *Oaths* can bind.

When round my Rooms I throw my eye,
And hundreds of huge Volumes ſpy,

Which

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Which Sages prove, or ſoon, or late,
Muſt all be ſearch'd, if I'd be great;
And then, the matter more to mend,
Be ready at my fingers end ——
For ſuch a Taſk, I ſighing ſay,
Threeſcore and ten is but a Day;
And ere the Bus'neſs half is done,
The meaſur'd ſands of Life are run!——
How oft I've heard the Parſon cry,
" Poor Man is only born to die;"
Schiſmatic Lawyers change this Creed,
And ſay, " Poor Man is born to read."
He reads indeed, and blinds his Eyes,
Forgets what he has read,——and dies;
Nor *Coif*, nor *Fur*, nor *Seals* attains,
Which fed his Hopes, and mock'd his Pains:
Nay worſe,——no Friend to puſh him on,
His Income ſpent, his Credit gone,

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His Mind a Stranger grown to Eaſe,
Not more his itching Palms to FEES,
Obſcurely loſt, he pines to Death,
And clientleſs reſigns his Breath;
Doom'd e'en this Fate, perchance to meet
In the ſad Purlieus of the FLEET!
Where grinning Scorn, and Want, deride
The laſt Remains of humbled Pride!

But hail, POSTERITY! for you
I, Prophet-like, good Omens view.
The Road our Anceſtors have taken,
Will ſhortly be by you forſaken.
They journey'd through for many an Age
Black-letter'd Folios irkſome Page,
Belabour'd up and down their Shelves,
Their *Quartos*, their *Octavos*, *Twelves*;

Oblig'd

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Oblig'd to note, turn back, collate,
Perplex'd with *Reference*, and *Date*.——
But TIME, who laughs at ſuch Rebuffs,
And on Life's Stage the Candles ſnuffs,
To give more Light, as Writers ſay,
To thoſe who ſit and ſee the Play:
Or 'twixt the Acts, like ancient CHORUS,
Who wiſe and bald appears before us,
Telling the Crowd how Things are going,
And what behind the Scenes is doing,
Who thus oft ſtrange Diſcoveries makes,
Kept one *incog.* for your dear Sakes;
Hark! he declares, you may ride poſt,
Nor (as your Fathers were) be croſt.
Their thorny Paths no more will teaze you,
A Turnpike's made, you'll travel eaſy;
Ruts, Bogs, and Clays no more prevail,
You'll now run glibly on the Nail.

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The pitying Heav'ns, who wept to see
The *Wilds* of LAW, and EQUITY,
Where STUDENTS were so often mir'd,
In which so many Wand'rers tir'd,
To comfort both, with bleſt Intent,
At laſt have AN ABRIDGER ſent;
Whoſe *Vade Mecum*, legal *Olio*,
In FOUR AND TWENTY VOLUMES FOLIO,
Affords to all a rare Repaſt,
And boaſts Variety of Taſte;
Freſh on your Table it appears,
A *ſtanding Diſh* for twenty Years;
Still gives your Appetite new Joy;
'Tis rich, and yet can never cloy;
'Tis like an Eſſence, which diſpenſes
Multum in Parvo to the Senſes;
Enough can ne'er be ſaid about it;
No TEMPLAR's Rooms ſhould be without it:

Bow,

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Bow, STUDENTS, to this Law-refiner,
And cry, "God bleſs good Maſter VINER."

——Ah! how much happier paſs'd thoſe Days,
When, raviſh'd by the Poets Lays,
The Hours were wont too ſwift to fly,
And danc'd in wanton Meaſures by.
I then, tranſported, Hand in Hand
With SPENCER trod enchanted Land,
While plumed Knights and burniſh'd Shields,
Wide glitter'd round his FAIRY FIELDS:
Or felt great SHAKESPEARE'S Pow'rs controul
Each various Movements of the Soul,
From Pity's ſource compel the Tear,
Or chill my throbbing Breaſt with Fear,
Tranſport me thro' the yielding Air,
And place me how he would, and where.

Or

Or when, of earthly Story tir'd,
To higher Knowledge I aſpir'd,
Through young Creation rang'd along,
Imparadis'd in MILTON's Song.
Or paſs'd intent on Themes ſublime;
Th' unmeaſurable Bounds of Time.
But now, farewell, ye flow'ry Cells,
Where bright IMAGINATION dwells,
Round whom in Circles ever gay
The young IDEAS love to play;
Farewell, to FANCY's ſportive Shades!
Farewell, ye ſweet AONIAN Maids!
Receive this laſt Adieu from me;
Go, bleſs ſome Youth whoſe Mind is free;
Whilſt I a Slave to formal Courts,
To CASES, RECORDS, and REPORTS,
The Courſe I hate am doom'd to run,
And if I *backward* turn, undone.

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'Twas thus when ADAM's hapleſs Fate
Forc'd him to paſs thro' EDEN's Gate,
He ſaw around a lowring Sky,
Patient obey'd, yet dropp'd a Sigh;
A cheerleſs Proſpect roſe to View,
How chang'd from Scenes he lately knew!
Rugged his Path!——for now his Way
Thro' PARADISE no longer lay:
Each Recollection gave him pain,
But loitering he found was vain:
Onward he mov'd, with Head reclin'd,
Yet caſt his ling'ring Looks behind.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

	Page
THE *Family Meeting, a Tale*	1
Ancient and Modern Rome	13
A Paſtoral Ode to Echo —	53
Abſence, a Paſtoral Elegy —	56
Weſtminſter Abbey — —	60
On	

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

	Page
On the Marriage of Two Friends	68
To a Lady, from her dead Bullfinch	73
An Ode written at Baiæ —	76
The Helvetiad, a Fragment —	83
The Tabula Votiva — —	125
An Ode to Friendſhip — —	135
The Adieu, to a Lady at Geneva, on her ſetting out to return to England — —	141
Verſes on viſiting a ſmall Chapel on the Lake of Lucern, erected to the Memory of the famous William Tell — —	143
The Two Flies, a Fable —	147
Epilogue to the Frenchified Lady	154

Netley

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

	Page
Netley Abbey, an Elegy —	157
A Paſtoral Ballad — —	196
Epilogue to the Wonder —	198
The Temple Student, an Epiſtle —	203

ERRATA.

Page 130. l. 5. for *had* read *led.*

Directions

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Directions for placing the Plates in the

FIRST VOLUME.

PORtrait of the AUTHOR to front the Title Page of the Volume.

No. 1. To front the Title Page of ANCIENT and MODERN ROME.

No. 2. To front the Title Page of the HELVETIAD.

No. 3. To front the Title Page of NETLEY ABBEY.

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